

Red vs Blue: WarBound

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Summary: Book 1: Boot. Goes through the Blood Gulch Chronicles.

Follow Private Adel Deanis in the beginning of the madness and stupidity of the small canyon of Blood Gulch. Language, Violence, and Adult Themes; Reader discretion is advised.

1. Chapter 1 The Stand of Arms

****Author's Note.****

****Yay, second actual fic.****

****Sorry about the other one though, going to take some time to get inspiration to go for it again. Kinda bored as hell though.****

****Okay so, I've actually been wanting to do this one for awhile. Red vs Blue Warbound. Cool, I guess.****

****Book 1 of a possibly five book series, all based during the Blood Gulch Chronicles. There is changes and there is an OC. Basically, starts a little before the first episode and I guess will end after the last of the first season. Book 2 should be with the second season and yada yada yada.****

****Hopefully, you'll get the hints and bits. Warning: Cussing and many other things.**

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><p>Chapter 1 " The Stand of Arms

The "day" began with the trumpet. It wasn't an actual trumpet, just something Sarge had recorded and played when the sleep cycle ending. It always reminded Deanis of the Calvary, though that wasn't the proper name for it. In fact, it didn't even sound like the Calvary.

With the wake up call, the "day" began. Each of the lesser soldiers did the daily rituals, most of them did anyway. Two of the three privates actually hit the showers, the other slept in. _Lazy prick._

The shower room was large enough to be used by more soldiers than what inhabited the base. Deanis always had one of the five large stalls to herself, Simmons occupied the one at opposing end from her. Shower, 2 minutes. Sometimes Deanis would race to see if she could get out before Simmons. A good laugh at the red, shy face he'd give her when she was dripping wet and dressing in her white, field underwear always made the "day" better.

This wasn't one of those days. She got out about six seconds after Simmons, and he was already out of the bathroom by then.

The trudge down the hall was never a bother. There were only four soldiers in this base, which could easily contain much more than that. Her personal bed room was one of many door less rooms.

Deanis dressed in the usual attire. The full body-suit, red army issue, field work battle armor. It was red, the usual color for any enlist, officer or rookie. For the past two years since she'd been stationed here, she had been considered the rookie for Red team. The emblem for a PV-2 was carved yellow into both her arm platings.

Breakfast next. The cafeteria wasn't very impressive, being small, gray and dull. Not even red army banners hung from the walls. The tables were built into the floors. The small room reminded Deanis of a very small school cafeteria, or a jail lunchroom.

Small **MRE** for the morning meal. Disgusting things, after eating them for two years straight, anyone would cringe. The third private finally came out, still lazing in his armor. His belly stuck over his pelvis plating. Lucky enough Sarge wasn't here at the moment, or he'd be getting it. Again.

Today was patrol for Deanis, while her two other squad mates got to stand guard on the bases roof. With the standardized M5BM, or field named the Assault rifle and Deanis's own personal M6D Navy issue pistol, she set out to make her rounds around Red Team territory. Orders are to shoot anything that isn't red army on sight, everyone else takes battle positions on that mark.

Blood Gulch is about one of the most boring, desolate places on the planet. Being more than a few thousand light years away from Earth, on a planet whose rotation on its axis synchronizes so well with its movement around the sun making day eternal on this side of the world,

it takes more than a toll on anyone. Not to mention this system is completely outside the human-alien war taking place in the systems away from here.

And all that has gotten anyone here? A fucking stupid civil war, that appears to be a stand still because nobody does anything. The only reason that a red army base is even stationed in this abandoned area in the middle of nowhere is because the enemy, Blue army, has a base stationed in this abandoned area in the middle of nowhere. A complete waste a resources to the Covenant-Human war that's going on.

Fighting a bunch of blue soldiers, while humanity is on the verge of extinction to aliens. What the Fuck is Command thinking?

Deanis never argued though, she never could argue. She was one of the many draftees, didn't even want to go into the Army. Let alone Red army. But she wouldn't complain. The pay check was at least good, not to mention the benefits.

The red soldier walked along side the canyon walls. Unlike blue base, red base was in direct sun. Direct Eternal sun. Funnily enough, it actually isn't that hot out. But that could be the armor regulating heat.

Deanis switched on her radio. Thanks to the neural implants, standard issue to any Red or Blue army soldier, all she had to do was think about it. Didn't even have to do much. Mainly, she'd listen for chatter. Most chatter was idle, and most channels were silent. You didn't get much of anything in the middle of nowhere.

As luck would have it, the blues had once again, left on their radios. She could hear them plainly, a bit with a little static but that's standard.

"-What're they doing?-"A voice asked.

"-What?-"Said a rougher voice.

"-I said, what Are they doing?-"Repeated the first.

"-God damn I'm getting so sick of answering that question!-"The second voice half deafened Deanis's ears. The shrill sound of the radio and static amplified the yelling.

"-You have the fucking rifle, I can't see shit, don't bitch at me cause I'm not going to sit up here and play with my diâ€œ"

"-Okay look, they're just standing there and talking. That's all they're doing. That's all they ever do is just stand there and talk.-"

No shit Sherlock.

"-That's what they were doing last week, that's what they were doing when you asked me five minutes ago. So, five minutes from now, when you asked me 'What are they doing?' my answer's gonna be, 'They're still just talking and they're still just standing there'-".

There was a brief silence on the open channel.

"-What are they talking about?-"

"-You know what? I fucking hate you.-"

The conversation stopped. Sighing, Deanis switched off her radio. Not even the blues were interesting enough, if just a little bit entertaining to those who could stand them. The only thing that was ever interesting around here is when Red and Blue finally clash, and it's a battle of dodging bullets and hoping you shot someone.

A sudden click, and the radio crackled to life. Someone was broadcasting on all red army channels.

"-Ladies!-" A familiar gruff, southern accented voice yelled, "-Front and center on the double!-"

"Yes Sir!" Deanis said, out of habit. The radio was clicked off, and the red soldier double-timed it back to Red base. Wasn't far, she had been going around in circles for the last few hours anyway.

Sarge wasn't a giant of a man like anyone would think. He was in fact an inch taller than Deanis and she's the shortest one on red team. He was quite the commanding figure, with the drill sergeant routine, the shotgun and the amount of years he had been in any kind of military service. Not a man you'd cross. At all.

The other two privates had reached Sarge before Deanis did. Simmons was the thin and lanky, with only the armor that gave the appearance of bulk. He was maroon, the Private emblem etched into his armor like Deanis's. He was also the second in command, and Sarge's favorite.

The last was the team's lazy, fat bastard. Clad in orange armor with the emblems barely visible, Private Grif leaves much to be desired.

The three stood at attention.

"Hurry up, ladies," Sarge said, "This ain't no ice cream social."

"Ice cream social?" Simmons asked. Each private gave looks to one another, if looks could be seen through the visor.

"Stop the pillow talk you three," Sarge commanded lightly, "Anyone want to guess why I gathered you here, today?"

Not surprising, Grif spoke up.

"Uh, is it because the war's over and you're sending us home?" _The dumb-ass._

"That's exactly it private," Sarge mocked, "War's over. We won. Turns out you're the big hero and we're gonna hold a parade in your honor. I get to drive the float, Deanis gets the wee little clown car and Simmons here IS IN CHARGE OF CONFETTI!"

"I'm no stranger to sarcasm sir," Grif said a matter a fact. _The dumb fuck, should've kept his mouth shut._

"Goddamn it, private!" Sarge yelled, "Shut your mouth or else I'll have Simmons slit your throat while you're asleep!"

Here come the threats.

"Oh I'd do it too," Simmons said eagerly. Fit to please. What a card.

"I know you would, Simmons. Good man," If you mean a kiss-up, "Couple of things ladies. Command has seen fit to increase our ranks here at Blood Gulch Outpost Number One."

"Oh crap," Grif spoke, again, "We're getting another rookie."

"Fuck off," Deanis muttered.

"That's right, dead man," Sarge confirmed, not hearing or not caring about Deanis's comment, "Our new recruit will be here within the week, but today we received the first part of our shipment from Command."

Oh boy.

The privates gave looks again as Sarge turned his back to them.

"Lopez," He said, "Bring up the vehicle."

Over one of the small nearby hills, a strange armored, roofless car was drive out. The driver pulled alongside the soldiers. The vehicle looked like a jeep with a mounted chain gun in the back.

"Shotgun!"

"Shotgun!"

"Shotgun!"

"Fuck," Both Grif and Deanis said in unison when they realized that Simmons had claimed passenger first.

"May I introduce our new light reconnaissance vehicle," Sarge explained, "It has four inch armor plating, mag bumper suspension, a mounted machine gunner position and total seating for three. Gentlemen, this is the **M12 LRV**!" He added, "I like to call it the Warthog."

Warthog?

"Why Warthog sir?" Simmons asked.

"Because M12 LRV is too hard to say in conversation, son," Sarge said.

"I know," Said Grif, "But why Warthog? I mean, it doesn't look like a pig."

"Say that again," Sarge spoke, sounding irritated.

"I think it looks more like a puma," Grif continued. _Where'd he get that from?_ The only thing Deanis thought was that the car looked like a jeep, because it was a jeep. She didn't care enough to go into major detail.

"What in Sam Hell is a Puma?" Sarge asked, angry at the prospect that Grif didn't like the name 'Warthog'.

"Uh, you mean like the shoe company?" Simmons asked Grif. There was a shoe company?

"No it's a big cat, like a lion," Grif explained, making gestures with his gloved hands. There was a silence.

"You're making that up," Sarge stated darkly.

"I'm telling you it's a real animal!" Grif defended.

"Deanis," Sarge said, bringing her attention, "I want you to poison Grif's next meal."

"With arsenic or moth balls?" The question went unanswered. Sarge pointed at the front of the jeep, glaring at Grif through the helmet.

"See these two tow hooks?" He said, "They look like tusks and what kind of animal has tusks?"

A warthog, Deanis expected Grif to say that. Sadly mistaken. Again.

"A walrus."

"Didn't I just tell you to stop making up animals?" Sarge said, angry.

"For god's sake, they're REAL," Grif said indefinite. Sarge looked at Deanis and directed her with his head towards Grif. Understanding the message, Deanis unholstered her **M6D**. A perfect negotiation weapon. She pointed, point-blank, at Grif's head. He noticed.

"Oh-okay lets not get violent here," He said, nervously. Sarge nodded, and Deanis pulled the trigger. There was a click, and a whimper. The gun was empty. The bullet would've bounced off his helmet anyway. Probably.

"I suggest you keep your mouth shut," Sarge warned, "So, unless anybody else has anymore mythical creatures to suggest as a name for the new vehicle, we're gong to stick with the Warthog." And then he decided to prod, "How 'bout it Grif?"

"No sir," Grif said, defeated, "No more suggestions."

"Are you sure?" Sarge perked, "How about Bigfoot?"

"It's okay."

"Unicorn?"

"No really, I'm cool."

"Sasquatch?" _He doesn't realize he just said Bigfoot twiceâ€|_

"Leprechaun?" Simmons suggested, joining the conversation.

"Hey, he doesn't need any help man," Grif told Simmons, who shrugged.

"Phoenix?" Sarge continued to egg.

"Would Snark be good?" Deanis suggested.

"What the fuck's a Snark?"

"Hey Simmons," Sarge said, "What's the name of that Mexican lizard? Eats all the goats?"

"That would be the Chupacabra, sir," Simmons replied.

"Hey Grif, chupathingy!" Sarge didn't remember nor tried to say the actual name, "How about that? I like it, gotta ring to it."

Grif avoided Deanis for the rest of the wake cycle.

* * *

><p>Trivia

****M12 LRV**** - Ahh the Warthog.

****M6D**** - Its the Halo 1 pistol people.

****Snark**** - The Hunting of the Snark by Lewis Carroll who also wrote Alice's Adventures Through Wonderland.

****Stand of arms**** - A stand of arms designated a complete set of equipment for 1 Civil War soldier. It included a rifle, bayonet, cartridge belt, and ammunition box. From common usage the term frequently came to mean only the rifle and cartridge belt.

****Chapter 1: The Stand of Arms.****

2. Chapter 2 The Stand of Colors pt 1

****Author's note.****

****Second Chapter already, wow. I'm still writing it, but the chapters are writing faster than they are posting. I'm writing chapter 5 while you all are ready chapter 2. Sucks doesn't it?***

****On to the story.****

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><p>Chapter 2 " The Stand of Colors part 1

Sarge left the next day and probably wouldn't be back before the new rookie arrived. He said that he would be getting briefed by Command. That could easily be done over the radio, but Deanis nor anyone else mentioned it. Grif started celebrating before Sarge even left, which was quickly ended by Deanis chasing after him firing the assault rifle. Sarge forced Grif to fill-in the bullet holes from bullets that missed him. This meant all the bullets fired.

Deanis didn't put up with crap. While she wasn't a kiss up like Simmons, which probably would've ended up with her and Simmons competing for second command, she still didn't like it how her sergeant was disrespected like that.

Sure he wasn't exactly the most caring guy in the world, and most of the time Deanis felt like shooting him herself, but on some very, very low level, she cared about how her CO was seen. After all, she didn't want to be labeled an idiot just because the Officer was one.

Simmons was placed in charge while Sarge was gone. That was nothing new, and not even mildly surprising.

Don't get her wrong, Deanis had no problem with the guy. Besides the fact that his profession seemed to be kissing Sarge's ass, or the fact that he couldn't talk to her directly when she wasn't in her armor. But she didn't like it when he was in charge. Simmons becomes a power-hungry bastard when he's in charge.

The only reason that he had trouble ordering Deanis around could be summed up in a few things. ****A****) Deanis would shoot him, ****B****) Deanis would probably castrate him, ****C****) Deanis would eat him; that was actually Grif's suggestion, ****D****) Deanis is a girl, ****E****) He actually liked her. Deanis didn't like letter ****E****. Irony is, letter ****E**** was probably true. And possibly letter ****B****.

Most of the next two days were Simmons yelling orders at Grif and attempting to order around Deanis. Though more often than not, Deanis was placed on a sort of pedestal.

It wasn't till the third day when shit started happening.

"Are you really chicken about that Deanis guy?" Grif asked Simmons when the two soldiers both had look out duty again with Deanis taking patrol. Simmons looked at Grif.

"I mean I know he's scary an' all," Grif added, "But come on man, you haven't bugged him with orders ever since Sarge's been gone."

"What- no I haven't- wait, you think Deanis is a guy?" Simmons said, absolutely astonished.

"What do you mean I think 'Deanis is a guy'?" Grif asked, and then paused, "He is a guy right?"

"You think Deanis is a â€" Good God man you've known her for about two years!"

"Wha- Deanis is a chick?"

"Well Duh! Haven't you been paying attention at all?"

"You're telling be that the guy that has been shooting at me, threaten to castrate me in my sleep, the one your chicken off, isn't a guy? That she's been a chick all this time?" Grif said in detail.

"I still can't believe it, how could anybody not know that's she's a chick?"

At the cliff.

"Hey is that red guy patrolling the red canyon?" Tucker, the aqua clad soldier asked, the crouching cobalt blue soldier looking through the sniper responded.

"Yeah."

At the base.

"Are you sure she's a chick? Not a guy? Or like part guy part shark?" Grif asked.

"I've seen her come out of the shower enough times to know that she's not a guy or part shark," Simmons replied.

"What? You've seen her in the shower? Man that's so unfair!"

"You're the one thinking that Deanis had been a guy for the two years she's been here and you think her in the shower is unfair?"

Deanis patrolled the small bit of 'red' canyon. Another boring day. Not even listening to the blues would provoke interest.

For the past two days, she had little bits and thoughts about what the new rookie would be about. Knowing Command, its some backwater idiot who doesn't know blue base from red. It can never be anyone who could survive the simplest of things. Probably get knocked out and end up dying or something or some other pathetic bullshit.

Deanis sighed. She was thinking about what the new guy would be. _Who knows? Maybe he'd be worth for shit, like some bad ass from the ACTUAL war going on._

There was a slight hum in the air, interrupting Deanis's thoughts and causing her to stop in her tracks. A sudden ringing in the ears like when someone turns on a television, and then there was a cry.

Only a feet feat away, was another red soldier, face down flat in the dirt and grass. Deanis knew better than to shoot. She hated that instant teleportation crap that Command has a fetish for doing. Hell,

you're gone before you can even finish a sentence.

She walked closer to the red. He had no emblem. Fuck. A **PV-1**. Recruit. Boot. A rookie. Shit.

Deanis lightly kicked the helmet of the rookie. He managed to peel his visor of the ground and look up.

"Get up," Deanis said, a bit more maliciously than she should have. The rookie was up in a flash, possibly either considering it an order or a threat.

He was taller than Deanis, a bit thin considering the armor. He had looked down at the **PV-2**. He saluted A **BR55**, or battle rifle, sort of bounced against the red armor. Funny, no one in Red base had a BR55.

"Private Franklin Donut report in sir!" The recruit spouted. Deanis scoffed, shaking her head and leaning on one leg.

"I ain't the one to talk to nooby," Deanis said. The recruit visibly relaxed.

"Oh umm, where's the CO?" Private Donut said. What kind of name is Donut anyway? What a freakâ€¦

"At the base, you can find your way right?" Deanis said. Donut didn't hesitate to speak up.

"Oh yeah sure, got it!" And he double timed it away from Deanis. She rolled her eyes, and returned to her patrol. Wasn't five minutes later when she saw the rookie going the direction of Blue base. She ran.

"Hey Hey Hey HEY!" She yelled, stopping the rookie in his tracks. She was fuming when she finally reached him.

"Where the fuck are you going?" She demanded.

"Umm, to red base-"he was almost interrupted.

"Wrong way, dumbass!" Deanis exclaimed, "That's to Blue Base. I didn't think it took that much brain power to know that!"

"Oh uh, just got a little turned 'round, that's all," Donut said, modestly and nervously. Deanis let out a breath. _God, this'll be along day_.

"I'm bringing you to Red base," She sounded like she was taking a prisoner. _Fucking rookie._ "Follow me. And you better not fucking get lost."

"Right! You won't even know I'm here!"

"That's what I'm worried about," Deanis muttered, "Dumbass."

The trek wasn't that far. The silence was awkward to Donut, though at the moment Deanis was relishing in it. It broke when the rookie spoke.

"So, you're a red too," He stated the obvious, "yeah, I just signed up and all. You know, a rookie and stuff. You carry a M6D?" More stating the obvious, "Awesome weapon, could take out a guy with no problem," _No shit_, "I bet you've killed a couple of aliens with that thing, "_Aliens?_" "So how long have you been here? Are you like some veteran or something? You seem to know your way around, I just got here and stuff, "_No shit, like I forgot you're a fucking noob in the last five minutes_, "Is that the base, kinda of plain looking. I thought it had like a big gun or something but-"

"Hey rookie," Deanis said, nearly losing her temper.

"Yeah?"

"Shut up."

"Oh, uh no problem, umm what's your name?" Donut asked.

"Deanis." Deanis walked up the ramp leading to the roof of red base.

The top was very flat, and very plain. There was a large hole up here, which falling down would ultimately led to the topside floor of the base. Two soldiers, Grif and Simmons were arguing about something.

"Hey that's not exactly what happened."

"Yes it is, you said "I'm not going to the Vegas Quadrant" next thing I know you're in an escape pod headed for-"

"Ladies," Deanis interrupted. Both attention spans now landed on her, "Guess whose here."

She stepped aside, showing Private Franklin Donut. He said nothing, but looked at Deanis. She cleared her throat, and gestured to the two.

"Oh! Umm I was told to report to Blood Gulch Outpost Number One and speak to whoever's in charge," Donut explained.

"Sorry man, Sarge is at Command getting orders," Grif spoke up, "Ain't nobody in charge today."

"Actually private," Simmons corrected, "He left me in charge while he's gone."

"You are such a kiss-ass."

"Also he told me if I had any trouble from you that I should-," Simmons directed at Grif and then cleared his throat. He started a horrible impersonation of Sarge, "Get 'n the Warthog 'nd crush yer head like a tomato can."

"That sucked ass," said Deanis.

"That was the worst impression I've heard," said Grif.

"Okay rookie what's your story?" Simmons continued at the rookie, seemingly ignoring the comments.

"Private Donut reporting for duty sir, I'm ready to fight some aliens," Donut said. _Seriously, was this kid even briefed? What's with the aliens?_

"Couple things here, rookie. First off, private Donut? I think somebody needs a new nickname," Grif said, "Secondly, what's with the armor color?"

"What do you mean what's with the color armor?" Deanis said, indignant, "It standardize rookie red, good lord, tell me you're not that dense Grif."

"Well, he looks like Sarge."

"I don't remember Sarge being that tall, dude."

"And the fact that he isn't literally trying to bit my head off," Grif muttered.

"Well he's also wearing red armor," Donut said, pointing at Simmons.

"No, my armor's maroon," Simmons corrected, "You're armor is red."

"Well how do I get a different color armor?" Donut asked.

"I bet the blues don't have to deal with this kind of crap," Simmons muttered.

"Who knows," Deanis said, "I've been stuck with my color armor ever since I got here. I think you have to do something special or what not. I don't know, I've never cared enough to do anything."

"Something special huh?" Simmons muttered, "Hey Deanis, Grif, come over here."

The three huddled up, making sure that Donut didn't here them as they schemed.

"How about we send him on a little errand," Simmons quietly explained.

"What kind?" Grif asked, Deanis elbowed him.

"Who cares? As long as we get him out of our hair."

"I've got an idea, break," Simmons said. Deanis rolled her eyes, or rather her helmet.

"Where are we? A football game?" She said sarcastically as the group reverted back to the rookie.

"Okay, Private Donut, here's the deal."

"I just refuse to call him Private Donut," Grif muttered.

"We've got a very important mission for you," Simmons said, "You

think you can handle it?"

"Absolutely!" Donut said eagerly and ignorantly.

"We need you to go to the store," Simmons explained, "and get two quarts of Elbow Grease."

Store? Elbow grease? That's not going to work. Fucking stupid to fall for it.

"Yeah and um, pick up some Headlight Fluid for the Puma too" Grif added. Donut's helmet tilted to the side slightly.

"The what?"

"He means the Warthog," Sighed Deanis.

"You do know where the store is, right rookie?" Grif asked, not breaking the joke or cover.

"What? Yeah, yeah, of course I do," Donut said, "Sure, no problem."

"Well, get going then," Simmons said impatiently. Donut started to move.

"Other way," Grif said.

"I know that. Just, got turned around, that's all."

The three soldiers watched Donut run down the ramp and double time it into the canyon. There was a silence.

"How long do you think until he figures out there's no store?" Simmons asked, turning his head to both of his companions.

"I say, at least a week," Grif betted.

"I'll give him five minutes," Deanis said, "As long as I don't have to do fucking patrols."

* * *

><p>Trivia

****Stand of colors** - **A stand of colors was a single color or flag. A Union infantry regiment carried 2 silken flags, or 2 stands of colors. A typical Confederate infantry regiment possessed only 1 stand of colors.

PV-1 - A recruit in the army. They don't have an emblem.

PV-2 - **An actual Private in the army.
>

BR55 - The rifle that replaced the M5BM in Halo 2. Also known as the Battle Rifle.

**M5BM - **Originally a Halo 1 rifle that reappeared in Halo 3. Also known as the Assault Rifle.

****Read, Review, Whatever.****

****Chapter 2: The Stand of Colors Part 1.****

3. Chapter 3 The Stand of Colors pt 2

****Author's Note.****

****Ah hah! Another Chapter. See? I can do this.****

****I'm pretty sure you can guess what happens during this chapter, you know, after the introduction of our dear friend Donut and the cruel joke that was played on him. We all know how this'll end don't we?****

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><p>Chapter 3 " Stand of Colors part 2

Deanis liked the small moment of relaxation. Sure it was at the rookie's expense but whatever.

The canyon hadn't changed for the past two years. It almost hardly ever rained, and when it did it usual flooded. There was never a light shower.

The cliffs prevented anyone from actually leaving, though there was a rumor that you could get out via the tunnels. By luck if anyone did, those caves had so many twists and turns, it'd be lucky enough if any even lived to leave. No one bothered to try it.

The Gulch was surprisingly green considering that years could pass by without even a drop of water. The grass was a mix of short and long, mix of green and yellow not to mention that dirt road that led to blue base. It was peaceful enough though.

Then there were gun shots, and then silence.

"Did you hear that?" Grif asked.

"Yeah," Deanis replied.

"Hear what?" Simmons asked.

"Those gunshots," Grif said, Deanis looked out into the canyon.

"Sounded like a sniper," Deanis muttered, "But what a sniper would be

shooting at- ah shit." Deanis jumped off the base, landed on the ground feet first and dashed. Grif and Simmons stood dumbstruck.

"Where the hell is she heading for?" Simmons asked. Grif grabbed the nearby ****SR99****, or more easily called a Sniper Rifle. He scooped out Deanis, and look ahead to see where she was headed.

"She's headed to Donut," He said, "And he's got something, it looks like," He stopped, and turned his head to Simmons, "Simmons, get the Warthog."

"You mean the puma?"

"Yeah keep making jokes, that'll win the war."

Deanis forced her legs to move as fast she could. The rookie getting sniped on his first day would not look good in the record books, and she didn't want to have to tell Sarge exactly what had happened or why he was out in the canyon in the first place. Up ahead, she spotted the red armored soldier. But he seemed to be holding something. It looked like-

Oh my God.

It was the blue team flag, the very symbol of Blue Army out here. If they got that flag back to base, conquering blue team wouldn't be far behind. But somebody got to him first. A cobalt blue soldier, aiming a ****M6C magnum**** at Donut. There was the slight bobbing of helmets, talking. Deanis slid on her feet, aiming her M6D at his head.

"Freeze Blue," She said, the cobalt one recovered and aimed his M6C at her head.

"So Sarge, send one of your lackeys to capture our flag eh? That doesn't seem like you," The Blue said smugly.

"I'm not Sarge dipshit," Deanis said, but paused. _Waitâ€¦| Don't I know...?_

"Well if neither you are Sarge, then how the hell did you get our flag?" the cobalt soldier asked.

"It can't be," Deanis muttered and then asked the blue soldier, "Is your name Leonard Church?"

"What? How do you-"He never got to finish.

****THREE!**** Something yelled out, a black something popped out of nowhere.

****JESUS**!**

****MOTHER FUCKER**!**

****HOLY SHIT**!** Who the fuck is that?" Donut exclaimed. The thing that had appeared was in fact in military combat armor. It was covered in black stuff.

"What the hell? Tucker? Is that you?" The cobalt soldier, Leonard Church, asked leaning his helmet a bit closer for a good look. The black soldier looked at him.

"How did you get ahead of me?" The soldier, Tucker, asked and then saw Donut with the flag, "Hey! Freeze Sarge!"

"Would you stop calling me a sergeant!" Donut said, almost dropping the flag in anger, "I'm still just a private!"

"The Sarge is still a private? Oh. My. God. The teleporter sent me back in Time!"

Everyone was silent.

"What," Deanis said, lower her M6D carelessly. Tucker addressed to Church.

"Look, I know you don't know me, but you have to believe what I'm about to tell you. Some time in your future I get stationed here in Blood Gulch, and we meet. And this guy here, he gets promoted to Sergeant of the Red Army, and we spy on them. And they get this new jeep, and I'm all like 'There is no way you can pick up chicks in a tank!'," Tucker explains. Everyone looks at him.

"The fuck- Are you like some retard fish or something? That has got to be the most unbelievably stupid thing I have ever heard in my life," Deanis said aloud. Tucker looked at her.

"And your that scary guy that keeps on doing patrols," Tucker said, "I know all this sounds crazy, but he" Tucker points at Donut, "eventually becomes a Sergeant, and then one day we get a tank, and he comes and steals a flag while we're distracted."

"Is this guy a retard?" Donut commented, still holding the flag. There was a distinct music in the background. Church spoke up.

"Red? Shut up. Tucker? Listen to me. Ya haven't gone back in time, okay? This is the guy who stole the flag, he's just not the Sergeant. Turns out, he's just some dumb rookie, who happens to have the same color armor as him," Church explained, but it was getting increasingly hard with the music quickly becoming louder, "He got in somehow, just g... for God's sakes, **WHAT IS THAT MUSIC**!"

An armored jeep with a mounted gun playing some sort of Italian Spanish music ramps off a nearby hill. It landed right by Church. Grif yelled out "Woohoo!"

"Holy Shit!"

"Son of a Bitch! Run! Jesus! Run!"

Grif hopped out of the driver's side as Simmons aimed and fired the mounted chain gun at the running blues. The maroon one started yelling profanities and threats at the blue, but Deanis didn't pay attention.

Deanis looked in the direction where the blues had run. Up at one of the reachable smaller cliffs. They hid behind a rock, the bullets from the chain gun chipping at the sediments. Deanis felt a pang in

her heart. _He's here? How did I miss that? How'd he escape?_

She was distracted enough that she didn't realize that Donut had already left for red base and Grif was trying to get her attention.

"Are you alright?" He said over the noise of the chain gun. Deanis looked at him.

"Yeah sure," Deanis said a bit sulky. She didn't look at him. Grif nodded and went to Simmons, who was still firing the mounted gun.

"Simmons!" Grif yelled, "SIMMONS!"

The second-in-command stopped firing and hopped down.

"Man that thing is loud," Grif mutters.

"WHAT?" Simmons yelled. Deanis didn't blame him, guns can blow your ears out if you don't watch it.

"Come on you two," Grif said to both Deanis and Simmons, "let's sneak around the back of the rock and get 'em out."

"OKAY," Simmons yelled.

"Keep it down! Jesus," Grif said, making hand motions to signal to keep the volume down, "Let's go, before they figure out what's going on."

The three made there way at the feet of the cliffs. It didn't take long to realize that you couldn't get around the rocks that way.

"Aw, crap," Grif said, "I don't think we're gonna be able to get around this way."

"Tell me again," Simmons said, "why did we get out of the jeep?" Deanis heard something big pull up behind them. She turned, and stared at the barrel of a **M808B**, or more commonly known as the "Scorpion".

"Guys?" Deanis said, neither of them heard her.

"Well, I guess it was this or sit there and watch you shoot rocks all day long," Grif said to Simmons. The barrel of the Scorpion focused on him, Deanis watched it.

"Guys."

"Well at least that was fun," Simmons countered, the barrel pointed at Simmons.

"GUYS!" Deanis yelled.

"WHAT?" Both of them said in unison. And then both of them finally noticed the tank.

"What in God's name is that?" Grif asked. The barrel aimed at Grif's

head.

* * *

><p>Trivia

****SR99 - ****Actually a series of Sniper rifles in the Halo series and there isn't specific names for them.

****M6C - ****That weak ass pistol that replaced the M6D in Halo 2.

****M808B**** - Come on, everyone loves a Scorpion tank don't they?

****Well, well, looks like a little history behind Deanis has popped up. She seems to know something huh? Stay tuned.****

****Read, Review, Whatever.****

****Chapter 3 - The Stand of Colors part 2.****

4. Chapter 4 FEAR

****Author's Note.****

****Early chapter postage. I'm in fact working on Chapter 8 as we speak. I'm doing this to any fans that have actually decided that my story needs attention. As I note know, I am excited over only one review so far. Just think if I had hundreds... I'd probably bury myself and then post it. That's how crazy I am.****

****Away from me, ON TO THE STORY!**
>

* * *

><p>Disclaimer:

Halo is a product of Bungie and Microsoft. Red vs Blue is owned by Rooster Teeth. This is a nonprofit fan-story. All original characters are owned by the author.

Flamers can take their asses elsewhere, cockbites.

* * *

><p>Chapter 4 - Fuck Everything And Run.

"Umm, why is it just sitting there?" Grif asked. Deanis didn't bother to answer, she also didn't bother to shoot the tank either.

"Just trying to mess with our heads," Simmons said, slowly and calmly, "Let's get back to the Warthog."

"I don't think that'll work," Deanis strained a whisper. She stared at the Scorpion.

"It'll work," Simmons assured, "Trust me. Just run when I say."

"I don't trust you," Deanis said, quickly looking back at him and then the tank, "But fine."

"Okay, you two ready? Let's do this on three. One..."

"Wait. On three? Or three and then go?" Grif interrupted, still staring at the tank barrel directly aimed at him.

"On three," Simmons explained, "It's always faster to go on three."

"Ready? Oneâ€|" The barrel followed Grif as he ditched his two squad mates.

"Twoâ€|"

"Three!" Both Simmons and Deanis turned to find that Grif was already running away in the distance. It was Simmons who spoke, "Oh, that back-stabbing cockbite!"

"Firing main cannon," A light female voice said, from the tank. A shell was fired, causing the earth nearby to shake. It hit the Warthog with tremendous speed, blowing it sky high in a mass of flames.

"Son of a Bitch!" Simmons yelled.

"SON OF A BITCH!" Grif was heard in the distance. The tank then aimed at Simmons and Deanis.

"Target acquired," it said, reminding Deanis vaguely on a computer game she once played.

"Shit!" Simmons said, and both he and Deanis bolted. The cannon fired, missing them. Luckily. Grif ended up joining the run, and if Deanis wasn't already running for her life, she would've given him to the tank. The bastard.

"Damnit!" The three ran as another shell hit the dirt, leaving yet another crater and scorch mark. They were away from the cliffs and ducked behind the first rock they saw. Who fucking cares if they weren't anywhere near red base.

"Hey, I have a great idea. Let's get out of the jeep, and sneak around the back of the rock," Simmons mocked Grif, as the tank fired in the background, "Great plan you idiot!"

Deanis looked off into the cliffs. The Warthog was fucked thoroughly, Sarge was going to have their asses for this. Not to mention Lopez will have his way. The robot built by Sarge was practically his kid.

"All Targets eliminated. Acquiring new target," she heard in the distant.

"Hey rookie, good job!" She also heard, "Why didn't you tell us you knew how to drive the tank?"

"New target acquired."

Shit. That idiot.

"Firing main cannon."

Deanis dove out of the hiding place immediately. Useless. The tank fired and she had seen the disappearance of a cobalt blue soldier in a crater and smoke. She didn't see any entrails, but the body landed back on the cliff, limp. Deanis felt a rock in her stomach. _Not again!_"

"Deanis what the fuck are you doing?"

The tank turned around, and aimed at the red armored soldier. Deanis felt a hand grab her arm and pull her back. It was Grif. A missile fired, and the top of the shielding rock blew into bits.

"Shit! Run!" Though it was Grif screaming it, Deanis followed orders. Fuck her feelings, she'd deal with them later. The three ran like sonuvabitches, the tank firing at their heels. The base was in sight.

Deanis forced herself to move, she wasn't about to get hit in the back Again. Especially by a tank. The three went up the ramp. Donut was up on the roof, still holding the flag.

"What happened?" The rookie said.

"Big... Tank... Shooting... Whooooh!" Grif said, exasperated. The clad orange soldier was bending over, breathing heavy.

"Damn, man, we only ran like three hundred feet," Simmons said, hands on his hips like a nagging wife, "You are really out of shape."

"Fuck! You!"

"Where's your car?" Donut asked, Deanis sighed and shook her head. It was Simmons who supplied the answer.

"General Patton here had a great strategy to leave it behind."

"Hey, it would have worked if that tank hadn't shown up," Grif defended, actually out of his fatigue already.

"Lopez will be pissed," Deanis said, "I wonder how long it'll take to get back to base!"

An explosion followed on schedule, and something heavy landed only inches away from Deanis. It was the Warthog, burning and in pieces.

"What the hell?" Grif muttered. Another explosion hit the side of the base and everyone hit the dirt.

"Son of a bitch!" Grif yelled, on the ground and covering the top of his helmet with his gloved hands.

"Holy Crap!" Donut said, actually holding the flag up while he was on the ground, "What the hell is that thing?"

"That's the tank!"

Another missile round shook the base.

"Hey uh, Deanis you wanna hold the flag for a little bit?" Donut asked.

"Fuck off rookie."

Deanis heard something from ground level. She wasn't exactly sure who or what, but someone said "I KILLED CHURCH". Though possibly her imagination, she'll find who did it and oh oh oh boy.

"I hate to be the one to point this out guys," Donut spoke up, "but I think we're screwed."

Another explosion, the base shook once again. Deanis didn't want to think about how many more rounds it would take before the base collapses in on itself.

"Yeah, I have to agree with the rookie on this one," Simmons said. Suddenly, the radio crackled to life in Deanis's helmet. Someone was calling all Red Army channels. A familiar, rough and southern voice filled the speakers.

"-Blood Gulch Outpost Number One. Come in, Blood Gulch Outpost, come in. Do you read me? This is Sergeant-" Grif cut him off.

"Oh my God Sarge is that you?"

"-Roger that, Private. I am currently in-bound to your position from Command-" The CO explained.

"Sir, this is Simmons," Simmons said over the radio. It was weird hearing him talk outside and on the radio.

"-Hello Simmons," Sarge said, "I hope everything's gone alright while I've been gone.-" Before Simmons could say anything, Grif interrupted. Again.

"Actually sir, things are kind of hectic right now. The new rookie arrived, and somehow he managed to infiltrate the blue base, and now we have their flag, the Warthog is damaged, one of their guys is dead, and there's this huge fucking tank about to destroy our base."

How a fat man could explain that in one breath amazed Deanis. There was static over the radio, but it would've cut off by now if it was a bad signal. Sarge was silent.

"-... Am I talkin' to the right base?-"

"Fuck, Sarge ****WE'RE DYING OUT HERE****!" Deanis screamed over the radio. She'd probably regret it later, but fuck there's a tank.

"-Well then hold tight boys-, " Sarge said, "-I think I gotta solution to your little 'tank' problem.-"

A whooshing in the air alerted red team. It sounded like a jet or something. Deanis, along with everyone else, looked up from her laying position to see the silhouette of a **Drop ship 77-Troop Carrier**, more commonly known as a "Pelican". Bombs dropped within the canyon and right outside of red base. Deanis saw the blossoms of explosions with in the canyon.

From a mile or so away, the Tank was blown to its side. Who ever was driving was probably dead now. Good.

Someone cleared their throat above the laying soldiers.

"Attention!"

Everyone got up, Sarge stood with his shotgun in his hands. Donut used the flag as support. Deanis and Simmons stood straight.

"Now," Sarge said, "I'd like to know why the Warthog is blown to hell."

"Talk to Grif Sir!" Deanis said.

"Snitch," Grif mumbled.

"Grif, I expect a full report and statement," Sarge said, and then added, "Tomorrow."

"Why tomorrow? Can't it be like a week from now or-"

Sarge made another action to Deanis, who promptly pulled out her M6D.

"Alright alright, sheesh."

Deanis made a motion to Donut.

"Umm, sir?" He said, still holding the flag. Sarge turned to face the taller, red armored subordinate.

"You must be our new rookie," Sarge said, looking up and down at the recruit, "It seems only yesterday that we got Deanis on the team."

Don't think about it don't think about it don't think about it don't think about it.

"Now, I order you to keep hold of that flag," Sarge said darkly, "Protect it with your life soldier." Donut's head tilted slightly, "Now Deanis," Sarge turned to the other red private, "Show our new recruit around, fix him up with room."

"Yes sir."

Deanis walked off the roof of the base, ignoring the talk between Sarge and Simmons and Grif. Donut followed flag in hand. Capture the flag. That, besides Kill the Blues, had been the mission for the past two years. She didn't know why and didn't bother to ask. It was about the most stupid thing she had ever heard.

Donut started whistling right as they walked through one of the doorways. It echoed down the grey, dimly lit halls of red base.

"This is the hall," Deanis said, boredly. Why did she have to show the rookie around? Why not Grif? He deserves it after getting the Warthog blown to high holy hell.

The tour took a long while. Long because of Donut's annoying whistling, long because it was boring as hell, and long because Deanis had to deal with both. She was almost relieved when they finally got to the actual "barracks" of the base.

A room next to Deanis's, she pushed the rookie inside.

"This is your room be happy," She said in one breath. She turned on her heel and walked.

"Hey umm Deanis?"

God damn it, I knew it.

"What?" She said irritation in her voice. She never thought she'd see the day where she was missing Grif, but here it is.

"Thanks."

There was a pause.

"Yeah sure," Deanis mumbled, and then practically bolted down the hall.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

FEAR - You're sucking if you didn't get this.

**Drop Ship 77-Troop Carrier - **The Pelican. One of the first air aircrafts seen in the Halo Series and possibly the most popular.

**There's another game reference that I want you guys to guess for fun. **

Church was blown up once before? Shot in the back again? Exactly what is Deanis's history?

Yeah, Deanis's history will be revealed as little as possible. You'll have to look very closely and make sure you pick up details, you all will need them in order to make out any kind of history Deanis might've had. Have fun with that.

Read, Review, Whatever.

**Chapter 4 - Fuck Everything and Run.
>

****Author's Note.****

****Two reviews already? AMAZING!****

****Another chapter for any fans what so ever.****

****Yeah. While the actual story and plot are taken from the show, it is called fanfiction for a reason. I like how some people can actually adapted their own OCs to the story without ruining it completely and still make a great plot. I don't particularly care for the OCs that try to drastically change the story because they know some future event or their from our world or something like that. I try to make Deanis intellegant enough to actually figure things out without being a f#\$ing prophet. No offense to those who do have OCs like that, but I perfer to stray away from such things.****

****Keep UP the Reviews, You all excite me!**
>

* * *

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><p>Chapter 5 " The Buck and Ball

Deanis awoke to the recorded trumpet again. Hearing it for two years straight, she had never gotten used to it. On to the morning daily duties, first stop shower. Deanis walked to the showers, her 'assigned' red towel in hand. _Everything is fucking redâ€|_

She stepped into the shower, past the unused locker room. She walked into a red tiled room, with one of the showers already going and someone singing the tune to the Red Army Anthem. Ignoring the brainwashing melody, Deanis undressed, threw her towel to the nearby corner with her field underwear and turned on the shower. She tried her best to pretend that the person nearby wasn't singing.

Deanis finally got out and snatched up her towel. Grabbing her underwear, she walked out. She didn't notice that the singing had stopped.

In the locker room, which looked like something from a high school gym, Deanis dropped her towel. Someone gasped.

Deanis whipped her head around, to find a completely unfamiliar, tall, wet, young guy wearing a red towel around his waist. Blond hair that's style looked like some mix of a pig's tail and a duck's ass, bright blue eyes and rather healthy skin. Deanis didn't know if she should kick his ass or scream at him.

"There's a girl on the team? Oh man," The stranger said, with a

familiar voice. _Donut?_ "Umm, Hi, I'm new here. I'm Donut, nice to meet you."

Making greetings to a guy Deanis had already met while naked. _Fucking wonderfulâ€|_ Deanis put on her field panties first before her bra.

"If you uh don't mind me asking," Donut continued, "What happened to your back?"

Deanis froze.

From the bottom of the back of her neck down to her tail bone, from shoulder to shoulder, there was a large scar. From right above the top of her shoulder blades down to her mid back, was red almost deformed looking skin. The rest of it was covered by almost crisp brown skin. It was a large burn mark altogether.

"Something that happened, a long time ago," Deanis said, and she left the room immediately.

After putting on her armor, and getting a quick and lonely breakfast, Deanis made her way to the roof. Simmons was on top. Grif was below, explaining exactly what had happened last "wake" cycle.

"Hey," Simmons said nonchalantly as he scanned the canyon. The fallen tank was still in the distant. Besides that, there wasn't anything out there.

"Hey," Deanis said, bored. Watch duty. Not exactly the greatest thing in the world. At least she wasn't patrolling again. Then again, with the rookie here, she might not patrol as often. Or, she'd get a new partner in patrolling. She liked the former better.

Gun shots sounded below, Sarge and Lopez were aiming at Grif. It almost made Deanis chuckle, if she really gave a damn. Two years in a canyon in the middle of nowhere takes a lot from you.

Someone came up from the ramp. Both Simmons and Deanis turned to find a red soldier holding the blue team's flag.

"Dude you need to put that somewhere," Deanis said.

"I guess, but the sergeant order me to hold on to it," Donut replied.

"Call him Sarge," Deanis said.

"Sarge isn't exactly the greatest when it comes to tactical thinking," Simmons admitted.

"Oh boy, little boy wonder is growing up," Deanis said sarcastically. Simmons mumbled something incoherent under his breath. Something orange ran up the ramp.

"You giving Sarge shit again," Deanis remarked, Grif was breathing hard.

"Fuckâ€| Offâ€| "

"So what'd Sarge say to you this time?" Simmons asked. Grif straighten up and took a deep breath.

"Sarge thought my strategy had merit," Grif clearly lied, "but was poorly executed, probably because somebody didn't believe in it."

"Bullshit," Persuasion check with Simmons, fail, "He told me he thought you were a retarded monkey, and he's gonna suspend your weapon privileges."

"Hey since I captured the flag, d'you think they'll give me my own color armor now?" Donut brought up.

"What do you mean 'captured'? You thought you were buying it at the store, you idiot," Simmons said. That explanation came late wake cycle at dinner. Deanis didn't think the blues were that stupid. But she still wondered about that so called "Cave Devil".

"Still, you think there's a shot?" Donut asked.

"Maybe they'll give you Grif's armor, since he destroyed the Warthog," Deanis suggested.

"Hyeah, heh-wait... "Grif stopped, "you don't... you don't think they'd do that, do you?"

"Maybe Grif," Deanis said, "You'd have to go around naked in the base."

"Oh ha ha, hilarious Deanis."

"You'd freak out the girl here," Donut said, using the flag pole as a third leg.

"I'd highly doubt I'd freak out Donut," Deanis said, bored and possibly a bit annoyed.

"Huh? Waitâ€¦ You're that chick in the shower room? You're a girl?"

"Seriously," Grif said, "What the fuck man, how come the rookie gets to see her and I don't."

"What do you mean I'm a girl?" Deanis said, pissed off, "Can't you tell?"

"Wellâ€¦. no," Donut admitted.

"Hell Simmons knew I was a girl, Right Simmons?" No response. Deanis turned to find Simmons looking out into the canyon, trying to focus on something out there, "Simmons?"

"Huh? Oh yeah, your right and who ever is wrong, red rules," Simmons said distracted.

"Simmons, what's going on? What's over there?" Grif asked, walking closer to Simmons. Deanis looked out into the canyon, if its got Simmons attention then there is something. Simmons leaned over at looked at the ground over the edge of the base.

"I thought I saw something for a second," he said, a little quietly. Something's here.

"Hey rookie, tuck the flag somewhere safe until we can figure out what's goin' on," Grif said.

"Good idea. I was sick of carrying this thing anyway," Donut said, and threw the flag into the large open hole in the roof. It gives the inside of the base good light but sucks when it actually rains in the Gulch. That little fucker is hard to cover.

"Did you hear that?" Simmons whispered.

"Yeah," Grif said quietly.

"Footsteps," Deanis muttered.

"Hey! What's going on?" Donut whispered behind them. Then something started hissing. The three turned around to find something blue and pulsing on Donut's helmet. It was about the size of a baseball.

"What the fuck?" Grif said.

"What?" Donut said, apparently not noticing the thing stuck to his head.

"What is that thing?" Simmons asked.

"What thing?"

"There's something on your headâ€|" Grif said.

"What, is it a spider? Get it off!" Donut is worried about a spider, and he has fully sealed body armor onâ€|" What the fuck.

"It's not a spider, calm down," Grif said, "It's some kinda fuzzy pulsating thing."

"That doesn't sound much better than a spider." Donut said.

"Does it hurt?" Simmons asked.

"Noâ€|" Donut said, like he was unsure.

"Maybe we should try to take it off," Simmons suggested.

"Good idea. Go for it," Grif said.

"Me? By 'we' I meant 'you.' Asshole," Simmons said.

"Well somebody needs to get it off. Look, it might be dangerous." And then the blue thing exploded.

"Son of a bitch!" Simmons, Grif and Deanis said in unison. Then the sound of something metal hitting a helmet, and Simmons fell down forward. There was a brief glimpse of something large, bulky and black.

"Son-"Grif cut himself off, "Where'd he go?"

Deanis didn't take the time to wait. If something was here, just standing here will get you killed. She jumped into the hole in the roof. Protect the flag, no matter if she thought it was the dumbest thing on the planet, orders were orders.

She took the flag and moved closer to the nearby wall. The staff meeting room. The entire room was vacant, with red team's flag deeper within the base. Deanis unslung her MB5M, aiming at the open air. One shimmer was all that was needed to open fire, her back was against the wall.

In the doorway, something invisible moved. Deanis opened fired. The bullets caught the shimmering figure by surprise. In less than mere moments, it dived over. Deanis's clip ran out as she fired.

"Shit!" She yanked out the empty clip and grabbed a new one, all the time looking at the figure. The invisibility was gone.

It was large. The armor was black and bulkier than anyone else's in red base or rather the canyon. There was no emblem. It stood at least two heads above Deanis. Succeeding in reloading, Deanis aimed at the large soldier.

"What a nice surprise," Deanis said, a bit breathless, "A Freelancer in Blood Gulch."

"Hand over the flag, and I might let you live," The Freelancer said in a masked voice. Deanis chuckled humorlessly.

"Fuck that," Deanis said still aiming the assault rifle, "Tell Alpha I said Hi."

The last thing Deanis saw was an armored fist.

* * *

><p>Trivia
**

****Buck and Ball**** - Civil war term. This musket load, to be relied on in a defensive situation, was made up of 3 large buckshot bound on top of a .69-caliber, smoothbore musket ball and was encased in a paper cartridge like those used with the Minie bullet. The .69 caliber musket (most often found in Confederate ranks, but not preferred) was an inaccurate weapon that could be converted to good use at close range with this load. The use of the buck and ball was not common.

****Hey hey hey, a season 3 reference.****

****Did Deanis seriously say "Alpha"? She has history with Freelancers? And What's up with her Back?***

****Stay tuned for more Red vs Blue Warbound, while everyone is anxiously waiting for more episodes of season 9... yeah.****

****Read, Review, Whatever.****

****Chapter 5 - The Buck and Ball.****

6. Chapter 6 Buck and Gag

****Author's Note.****

****Another Chapter, Its a Wonderful Live isn't it? Haha... machinima joke.****

****Another thing to leave you all suspenseful and possibly predicting what happens next.**

>

*** * ***

><p>Chapter 6 â€" Buck and Gag

Deanis awoke to find that the flag was gone and she had the killer headache of the century. She got up, the base still looked the same, except with bullet holes from when her MB5M's bullets either missed or had bounced off the Freelancer. The world was still a bit hazy, Deanis leaned against the wall for support.

She walked outside to find that the sun was brighter than it should. Huh, she didn't remember the grass being blue.

"Hey Deanis!" A voice said from above her. Deanis looked up. She couldn't see who it was. "You alright?"

"Oh it's God, hello god," Deanis was groggy, the world became shapes and colors.

"Huh? Umm, I think you need to lie down."

"Yes sir, I'll get right on that, yes 'am, ayyyyy," Deanis fell back down again.

The next time Deanis awoke was a bit later. She was in her cot. Still in her armor. _What the fuck._

Simmons was sitting on the edge of the cot.

"Thank god, I'd thought you'd never wake up."

"My head feels like shit," Deanis said, sitting up, "What happened? All I remember was Donut's head exploded, and you fainted."

"I did not faint! Why does everyone think that?"

"Head ache, Simmons, keep it down."

"Sorry."

"What about Grif and Sarge?"

"Well, when I came, Grif was already out and Sarge captured that special ops guy."

Oh. Right. The Freelancer.

"And umm, well I found you outside of the base," Simmons wasn't telling her something.

"Outside of the base? I was inside the last time I checked," Deanis said.

"Well ummâ€¦"

"Never mind, what about Donut? **KIA**?"

"No actually," Simmons said, "He's already airlifted and should be back in a couple of days."

"That's cool, I guess," Deanis said, "Where's the guy that knocked the shit out of us?"

"Grif is guarding her," Simmons said. Deanis started to get up.
Herâ€¦ Huh.

"Bring me to her."

"Whoa, I don't think you need to get-"

"I'm Fine, Take. Me. To. The. Prisoner."

"Okay, okayâ€¦"

There wasn't exactly a prison in the base. So technically, they had brought the said prisoner into the staff meeting room. Which has many doorways. Most of which lead outside. See the brilliance here?

Grif was leaning on one of the walls, his assault rifle leaning with him. He wasn't exactly watching the prisoner. The Freelancer wasn't far from him. SHE wasn't even bound or anything, just standing there. No attempts of escape. Deanis was sensing bullshit here. Grif finally noticed them.

"Hey Deanis," Grif said, "Did you know that the guy who kicked our asses wasn't even a guy, but a chick?"

"Like that wasn't obvious," Deanis mumbled.

"How is our prisoner?" Simmons asked. Grif scoffed.

"Not dangerous after we took her weapon."

"Hey punk," A feminine voice said, the Freelancer, "I don't need a weapon to kill you."

Grif turned to her, the Freelancer's black bulky armor towering him by a head.

"Yeah, right. What're you gonna do, punch me?"

The Freelancer leaned forward, which caused Grif to stumble from the wall.

"Aaah, not the face!"

"Next time Grif, say nothing," Deanis said, she looked at the

Freelancer. The mercenary's helmet looked back. Deanis felt a strange tinge in the air, like static electricity, and got a feeling that the Freelancer wasn't leaving for a particular reason.

Deanis felt the glare from behind the Freelancer's visor. It was a heat hotter than Blood Gulch on a sunny day. And everyday is sunny. For the first time in a long while, Deanis felt unnerved. So she said the first thing that came to mind.

"It must be hot in that armor."

â€|

What. The. Fuck.

That was about the dumbest comment ever. Of all time. Then again, Grif has said dumber.

Deanis nearly jumped at the sound of Sarge's voice.

"Grif! Quit your yammering and get your kicker up here. Need some help. Got more of them Special Ops fellas headed toward the base."

More Freelancers? Fucking greatâ€|

"As in... more than one? Uh, maybe we should bolth go, sir," Grif said.

Nah, as in, less than zero. What the fuck do you think?

"Both," Simmons corrected. Grif turned to him.

"Seriously man, like an ass."

"Well, well," Sarge said, interrupting, "Another brilliant idea from the think-tank. Why don't you all come up. Leave the prisoner alone. We could just put her on the honor system, have her guard herself."

"Good point sir," Grif said.

"**YOU'RE GOD DAMN RIGHT IT IS**!" Sarge yelled, "Now get your ass up here, we got just enough time for me to spray-paint the bull's eye on your back..." And then he added, "Ah, by bull's eye I of course mean camouflage. Now move it, cupcake."

"Yeah..." Grif said defeated, "I'll be right up." And he left. Leaving Deanis and Simmons. Alone.

It was a rather long silence. Simmons would look at Deanis and look like he was going to start a conversation, and then turn away at the last minute. It only took a moment for his indecisiveness to become very, very, VERY annoying.

The prisoner Freelancer said nothing. But that air of anger that surrounded the mercenary never went away. Deanis leaned against the wall. If there were more than just this Freelancer, better safe to say that everyone in the canyon is dead meat. Maybe it's because HE is here. If that's the caseâ€| yeah, they're pretty much dead. Might

as well relax before death.

The silence ended when another red armored soldier walked in. Sarge. But something was off. He seemed fidgety. Was Sarge nervous? No way. Not happening. Sarge NEVER got nervous. Not even in the height of battle, Sarge never showed fear of any kind. Something that Deanis admired her CO for.

"Hey man," Sarge said, but his voice didn't sound right. It, in fact, sounded like someone giving a bad impression of Sarge, "What's up yo?"

Yo? Bullshit, something's up.

"Uh... hey...", Simmons said, confused, "what's going on out there sir?"

"What's uh, why, nothin'," 'Sarge' said, "Why would you ask if something's wrong?"

"That's a normal question during war time," Deanis said, leaning her helmet forward to take a good look of Sarge, "If you don't mind me asking SIR" she emphasized the word, "Aren't you supposed to be on base, with Grif, looking for those Special Ops?"

"I uh, needed to check somthin'," the imposter Sarge said, "You're starting to act kinda suspicious there ...other red guy. So I'm keeping my eye on you."

Deanis pulled a M6D on her CO.

"Deanis what are you doing?" Simmons asked, more than frantic.

"That isn't Sarge," She answered, defiantly, "Sarge has never forgotten my name. He doesn't say Yo, and he sure as hell doesn't sound like a bad impression of a southern car salesman."

"Hey, easy, umm lets just calm down-"the Fake Sarge said.

"Let's not," Deanis said, pushing off the wall. There was a strange electrical current from Sarge's armor. Kind of like what the Freelancer has, except. Different. Familiar even. Deanis remembered a similar feeling back when.

"Deanis," Simmons said urgently, "You can't just assume-"

"I'm not assuming anything," Deanis said and focused on 'Sarge', "On the count of three, I'm knocking you out."

"Deanis-"

"One."

Simmons got closer.

"Two."

"Sarge" cocked his shotgun.

"Three!"

Deanis spun on her heel, and the butt of her pistol caught Simmons on the back of his head.

"Ow, geez, the back of my head!" Was the last thing he said, before he hit the ground with a clacking thud. Deanis tapped him with her boot to make sure he was out.

"What the hell are you doing!" The Freelancer exclaimed. The fake Sarge was speechless. Someone knocking out their own teammate? Inconceivable!

"So," Deanis said, turning to the imposter Sarge and ignoring the Freelancer's yell, "Exactly what do you want? After knocking my own comrade out, I'm pretty sure I'm entitled to know what the fuck is going on."

"Umm, okay?" And then something left Sarge. It was white, transparent, and had on the same combat armor everyone had. Except the helmet.

Stood before Deanis was a young man in his early twenties, with pale skin, brown eyes, black hair that looked like the wind had blown in to one side, a stubble, and she unintentionally noticed that he had a slight under bite. A sniper was slung across his back, and another M6D was on his thigh. With lack of a better term, he was a practical ghost.

"What in Sam Hell?" Sarge said, in his usual voice, not forced or fake. He actually sounded dazed, "Where the- Who spit on my visor?"

"Look Red," the ghost said, without the Sarge impression, "I don't know what the fuck you're doing, but I'm just here to rescue my Ex okay? Look I'll give you a sum up, I'm a spirit now, and I'm trapped in the physical world. I possessed this red guy," he gestured a hand to Sarge, who was a bit wobbly, "so that I could sneak in to your base and rescue Tex, "Motioning to the Freelancer, "while the rest of our guys run around out in the middle of the canyon, dressed in black armor, that they got from going through the teleporter."

The Freelancer walked up behind Deanis, towering a shadow over her red armor. Deanis couldn't help but feel a bit overshadowed.

"Okay," The Freelancer, Tex, said.

"Cool," Deanis said, nonchalantly.

"What... that's it? Okay? Cool?" Church said, "You guys aren't surprised by any of this?"

"Makes sense to me," Deanis said.

"Not even the whole "Church is a ghost" thing? That didn't do anything for ya?"

"We can see right through you," said the Freelancer.

"It's that obvious," said Deanis.

"So that's it?" Church said, "And you're just going to let me walk right out with Tex, no stopping me or anything like that?"

"Let's call it an IOU," Deanis said, "I let you have what you want, and you'll do a favor for me in the future."

"It's not going to be anything gay is it?"

"Don't worry your head off," Deanis said, not impressed, "If I really wanted that, I know what to say to Grif and Simmons okay?"

"Okay, well, let me hop back in this guy and we'll get outta here," Church ran back into Sarge, who made a "Harurghk!".

"Alright before you go back to Blue base," Deanis said, "I'll escort you and your girl out. Besides, it would look pretty suspicious if Sarge was with the Freelancer."

"I guess that makes sense," The possessed Sarge said, in that horribly horrifying impression. Deanis and "Sarge" made their way outside the base, Freelancer Tex following behind. Wasn't five feet in front of the base when a sniper shot went off. The next thing that happened was Sarge falling into the dirt, a dent in the top of his helmet.

"What the? Where did my body go?" Church said, suddenly appearing on top of Sarge's body. He looked down, "Oh, you've gotta be KIDDING me!"

Deanis heard someone yell "Tucker did it!" but that didn't account for anything at the moment. Her CO was down. The Freelancer bolted before anyone could pay attention to her.

"Jesus FUCKING CHRIST!" Deanis yelled, and kneeled to the fallen soldier. Not moving. _Shit Shit Shit!_

"Hey umm, red guy," The ghost said, unnerved. Deanis looked up, and found that Church was fading away, "What's going on?"

"Fuck, Sarge probably dead and his armor is shutting down," Deanis said, pissed off and adrenaline filled, "Get out of there!"

"I can't!" Church yelled, his voice fading with him, "Its like he's-"

And then he was gone.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

****Buck and Gag**** - A Form of tying up punishment in which a soldier was bound and gagged in a seated position with a bar placed between his arms and knees; it was usually employed for rank insubordination.

****KIA -**** Killed in Action. Everyone should know this.

****Wow, heart filled.****

****Did anyone really think that I was going to fuck over the plot just because Deanis figured out that Sarge wasn't exactly Sarge? Anyone?****

****Stay tuned for More RvB Warbound.****

****Read, Review, Whatever.****

****Chapter 6 - Buck and Gag.****

7. Chapter 7 Boondoggle

****Author's Note.****

****Another early posting. I'm excited since I just finished actually writing the complete fanfiction, but I'll just post Chpt 7 for right now. I'll be writing book two by the time I'm done posting this story, hopefully. Progress goes fast doesn't it?****

****Enjoy.****

*** * ***

><p>Disclaimer:

Halo is a product of Bungie and Microsoft. Red vs Blue is owned by Rooster Teeth. This is a nonprofit fan-story. All original characters are owned by the author.

Flamers can take their asses elsewhere, cockbites.

*** * ***

><p>Chapter 7 - Boondoggle

"-Man Down Man Down! Calling all Reds, I need help here!-"

Deanis yelled reports through the radio. Fuck. She didn't know if Sarge was dying, but by the way Church just fade from existence like that scared the shit out of her. Fuck. She didn't know how to begin to mess with Sarge. How on earth do you treat a bullet to the head? FUCK.

The first person to actually catch to her was Grif. Surprisingly. Judging by the twitching, he was close to freaking out.

"I need help here!" Deanis yelled, as Grif ran. He almost slid to her as he kneeled to the fallen soldier. He tried shaking.

"Stop that!" Deanis yelled, "You'll probably make it worse!"

"What the fuck am I supposed to do?"

"THINK OF SOMETHING!"

Deanis and Grif turned Sarge over on his back. The armor didn't swat hands away, or yell at Grif, or order Deanis to shoot Grif, or anything. Fuck. It didn't even look like Sarge breath. Fuck.

The next person out was Simmons. He was a bit stumbled, still suffering from being hit in the implants by Deanis. That'll knock any soldier out.

"What's going on?" He said, gurgled and holding his head. No one paid mind.

"Sarge! Don't you give up on me soldier, do you hear me? I'm ordering you!" Grif started yelling at the red armor, "Get up! Breathe! Come on!"

Deanis was pretty sure that wasn't helping. But she was pretty frantic to care. Grif started to push and slam against the chest of Sarge's armor.

"You gotta breathe, man! You gotta pull through! Come on, Sarge!" The punches and pushes were going harder, and faster.

"That's not working!" Deanis said, "We've got try something else!"

"...Maybe you should give him mouth to mouth," Simmons suggested, just to get the finger from Deanis in response. There was a sudden click from Sarge's armor, and the armor visibly relaxed. Grif stopped. A moment passed by.

"He's breathing! We saved Sarge!" The orange soldier cried.

"We did?" Simmons asked.

There was a clearing of the throat, and Sarge's helmet moved up.

"Whatâ€¦| What happened here?" Sarge asked, a bit groggy.

"Sir, you got shot in the head," Simmons explained, "so we gave you **CPR** and saved you, sir."

We? Grif did all the work.

"I always believed in you, Simmons," Sarge said as he got up once Grif and Deanis moved away.

"You should thank Grif sir," Deanis said, getting up, "He did it all."

"Grif?"

"Yes sir."

"Grif," Sarge said, "why in Hell would you give somebody CPR for a bullet wound in the head! That doesn't make a lick of sense."

"You're welcome, sir," Grif sighed.

"I mean it's all so damn inconsistent. What would you do if they stabbed me in the toe, rub my neck with aloe vera?" Deanis didn't hear the rest of the conversation. She slipped away before that. So

much happened in one day alone. Its time for some rest.

According to mission clock, the wake cycle was nearly over. Deanis didn't really feel tired, then again, being knocked out for several hours does that to you. She spent the rest of those few hours with her on look out while ignoring the fact that Grif was trying to give Sarge a massage through the armor.

There were enough WTFs for one day.

Dinner was uneventful and Deanis was grateful Simmons didn't mention or didn't realize that it had been Deanis who had knocked him the fuck out. More Chicken a la king tooâ€¦ fuck.

Shower next. Surprisingly, Grif actual got in first and stayed the longest. Simmons had a large bruise on his forehead for some reason. Strange. Maybe hit it on his way downâ€¦ Possible but that's not what it looked like. Deanis knew for a fact she hit him where the implants were and that's the back of the head.

Everyone had implants at the back of the head.

Anyone, either blue or red, had implants at the back of the head. Neural implants, allows better connection to the armor or armor of any kind. The interface also allows things that aren't normal to civilians. Military, purely.

There were other things too. Deanis knew all too well the blessing and the curse the implants had. Why everyone in Blue and Red army had them. Why Freelancers had them.

Butâ€¦

That was past. For right now. But knowing exactly how special this canyon had just become. Things were about to catch up.

After showers, Deanis didn't go to bed when it was lights out. In fact, she left the base's insides. The sun, as expected, was still shining and never moving from its spot.

Deanis didn't have her armor on this time. So, white field bra and panties. The recent 'days' were starting to take their toll and she wanted to be alone and away for the moment.

The canyon was always peaceful during the sleep cycle. An occasional breeze blew by, it was nice to actually feel one. The sun beat down on her back, the base's roof was a mix of warm and cold. She sat on the edge, just looking out.

This was not usual for her. But it wasn't unusual either. She'd done this before. Only a few times though, one of those times being caught by Simmons. A few more, with the team's silent mechanic. In factâ€¦

Heavy steps came up the solid ramp, you'd have to be deaf not to hear them. Deanis didn't need to turn to know who it was.

Lopez was built about a month or two ago. He's proven useful, knowing more about engineering than anyone in base and that included Sarge. In sad frustration, the robot didn't have a speech unit or whatever

it was that made him talk. But he could gesture, move his head in agreement or disagreement. Draw things out, point things out, and didn't even have to say a word.

He was one of the few whose company Deanis enjoyed. Simmons was always fidgety and too nervous around her to pick up good conversation when alone, she didn't like Grif and that was with a passion, and you don't do common conversations with Sarge. Lopez, at least, listened. Then againâ€¦ He didn't really have a choice did he?

There was a loud clank, and Lopez was sitting nearby Deanis.

Lopez wears the same armor as anybody else. How Sarge even acquired it was beyond Deanis. It wasn't even red. Tan armor didn't exist in Red Army catalog books. If there were any.

Lopez wasn't that particularly muscular, if he had muscles. He didn't take of his armor for any social or entertainment purposes. That isn't meaning to say that Deanis hadn't seen the robot under the armor. That was just it. He was purely mechanical under the armor.

"Hey Lopez," Deanis said, "Nice weather huh?"

Silence.

"Right. Right. I get it," Deanis said, apparently understanding silence, "Well, it starts with the rookie. The entire thing about him getting the flag unintentionally is still fucking hilarious. Then that tank that appeared, and shit blew up. But it wasn't just the Warthog that was blown to hell and back, there was something elseâ€¦"

Deanis felt a pain in her chest. Emotions. _Fucking hate them._

"I'm sorry about the Warthog, blame the orange guy it was his idea," Deanis darted away from the tank subject. Lopez patted her back, and then made a 'go on' gesture with his free hand. He wanted to know everything. _Nosey prick, gotta love him._

"No getting out of this one," Deanis sighed a bit angrily, "It was him, Lopez. You know, the one I told you about."

She visibly noticed the fact that Lopez made a mechanical twitch in the neck. Yeah, he knew.

When Deanis first met Lopez, he was that follow up puppet. An actual machine, no visible thoughts or anything. Anyone with eyes could see that. He followed Sarge like a good dog, loyal to anything, doing everything computer and machinely perfect like a robot would. No vigor, no hate, no tiring. Deanis didn't hide the fact that she ignored him back then.

Over time, small quirks and habits started. Like when he started actually looking at people instead of looking through them. You'd know when he watched you because you felt it. Or another time, about four days after he was built, he gave Grif the finger. Secretly of course, but noticeable.

"Afterwards, you know Sarge came back and all that jazz," Deanis continued, "but, the beginning of the next cycle, it's the rookie. He saw the scar, and actually asked about it. I was ass naked and all he focused on was the scar. He didn't shy away either or turn in disgust. Fucking weirdo."

Lopez looked on her back and then back at her. Deanis was pretty sure he didn't understand the whole skin thing yet, but that should come at a later time.

"Well, afterwards, on the roof his head exploded," She said. That blood stain was still there too, "Grif and Simmons got knocked out," Lopez tapped again, and then made a two with his fingers and acted like he was fainting dramatically. "Simmons fainted didn't he?" Lopez nodded, "Figures."

"I was defending the flag when I got hit," Deanis explained, "Felt like a train ran over me. Woke up in my cot with the world's biggest fucking headache," Lopez tapped, pointed at her, acted like he was cradling something and then pointed at himself, "You carried me there," More nodding, "that's cool. I'd hate to think that Grif had touched me."

"Well, there was guarding the prisoner," Deanis said, and sighed, "then he came again, using Sarge's body as his vessel. Fuck he actually thought he was a ghost, the poor bastard. Then, I knocked Simmons out."

Lopez gave a thumbs up. Deanis smiled amused.

"I helped him," She said, looking at the ground like it was funny, "Helped him and watched as he and Sarge got snipped. Fuck, I felt like I failed againâ€¦"

Deanis trailed off. She didn't like bringing up the past. At all. Especially after it was done. Then again, that favor could come very handy.

"I still don't know if he's okay or not," Deanis said, a bit mournful but still retaining her darkly amused mood, "The dumb fuck. Making me worry again."

"What happened next?"

The voice almost made Deanis jump out of her skin. She and Lopez turned to find a tall, armored guy. In pink armor. _Pink. Huh?_ Deanis jumped up immediately, and stood ground.

"You've gotta 'bout five seconds to tell me who the fuck you are before I let Lopez beat the living shit out of you," She said. Pissed to the core and ready to go rabid. Lopez got up a bit slower, but already had his large wrench in one hand, ready to take the command the instant she said it.

"Whoa whoa, I'm sorry I'm sorry," the guy repeated, raising his hands in surrender, "It's me Deanis, Its Donut."

"Donut?" Deanis said confused, "Fuck that, Simmons said you wouldn't be back for a couple of days."

"Huh? A couple of days?"

"â€¦ You honestly didn't know did you," Deanis said darkly, and then muttered something about balls and Simmons, along with something that sounded like "Castrate". Donut gulped.

"You can lower the wrench Lopez," She said, tired, "The guy's too useless to be a threat."

Lopez did lower his assumed weapon, but how stiff he acted meant that he didn't like how Donut, in pink for whatever reason, had interrupted or even listen to the chatter. Deanis sighed and placed her hands on her hips.

"Exactly what did you hear?" Deanis asked, glaring at Donut.

"Ummâ€¦ Everything?"

"Everything."

"Uh-huh."

"Fucking wonderful," She mumbled, she then turned to Lopez, "I've gotta head back inside, I'm taking the idiot with me." Lopez nodded, though not very enthusiastically.

"Come on," She irritably commanded Donut, who followed without question. This was the second time Donut had seen her out of her armor. At least she wasn't ass naked this time.

The base was mostly silent. Next to the loud snoring of Grif, and the softer snoring of Sarge.

"Hey uh Deanis," Donut said, she shushed him, "Sorryâ€¦"

They reached his assigned room. It was as bland as it was before he came. Nothing unusual.

"Umm, Deanis could you like wait out here?" Donut asked. Deanis scoffed.

"Why?"

"Well, ummâ€¦"

"Fine, I'll fuckin' wait."

"Thanks man, I mean girl, I meanâ€¦"

"Get in there."

It didn't take long and Deanis didn't watch most of it, but Donut removed his armor. Underneath, Deanis didn't quite believe it. He was wearing hot pink. Boxers and undershirt. He was slim, almost femalely flexible. He didn't have much muscle to begin with.

"You can come in now."

"No, I'm not going in there," Deanis said, Donut looked confused.

"Why?"

"Fucking A Donut," Deanis started, "You're armor less, I'm not going in there with you."

"Please?"

Donut made a puppy dog face. In all honesty, the rookie didn't really seem the kind of guy to force him self on girls or take advantage of the moment. Actually, even without her armor, Deanis could easily kick Donut's ass. His eyes deemed to be too incoherent for such. Deanis let out a ragged breath.

"Fine."

* * *

><p>Trivia.

Boondoggle - any military operation that hasn't been completely thought out. An operation that is absurd or useless.

CPR - Cardiopulmonary resuscitation

Aloe Vera - An herb useful in treatment of wound and burn injuries, minor skin infection, Sebaceous cyst, diabetes, and elevated blood lipids.

An actually intro with Lopez, and Donut returns! How awesome.

Sorry boys and girls, Boom-Boom isn't happening in this fanfiction. You'll have to either surpress your needs or go elsewhere.

Read, Review, Whatever.

Chapter 7 - Boondoggle.

8. Chapter 8 Cherry Grunt and a Lifer

Author's Note.

Short Chapter guys but it puts in some character history. If you think and read closely enough, you'll find significants with Deanis here.

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* * *

><p>Chapter 8 "Cherry Grunt and a Lifer

Deanis didn't expect Donut to giggle like a teen age girl, nor did she expect for him to plop on his cot like it was a sleep over. The guy's not fucking weird, he's a weird fucker.

"You can sit down if you like."

Deanis took the offer, other wise she'd probably just stand until she

couldn't stand it anymore. She had to resist the urge to bitch slapped Donut.

"So, what's up?"

"You tell me," Deanis said, tired and irritated, "you invited me, remember?"

"Oh."

Silence was uncomfortable. Then Donut broke into a one person conversation with Deanis, who didn't have to say anything at all for the subject to change. Guess he needed a captive audience.

Deanis found out quite a few things about Donut. He was from Iowa. She wasn't very sure that he was actually from Earth though. His claim of growing up on a farm contradicted that. Earth lacks agriculture and thrives on an artificially made atmosphere. Other planets are used in agricultural means, maybe Donut was one of those.

He also wasn't drafted. But no matter how much Deanis asked, he wouldn't reveal why he would want to sign up to begin with. Did He really believe he'd be fighting aliens? Or fighting at all? Everyone just cannon fonder for the bigger picture here.

"So what about you?" Donut asked, still acting like he was a girlfriend going in on a big secret, "Why'd you sign up?"

"I didn't." Deanis didn't particular have a choice.

"You were drafted?"

"Yeah, that's it."

"Do you have anything waiting for you at home?" Deanis gave him a glare. Donut visibly shivered.

"Didâ€¦ Did the aliens glass your home world?" That kind of question would immediately get you slapped or into a huge fight. Many of those who were exactuated just to see everything they knew and love turned to dust before there eyes never recovered from such events.

"No. I'm from Earth Donut," Deanis said darkly. She said it like it was an insult to be from such a planet. Donut sat in silence.

"Oh."

There was another silence.

"I was born in Texas," Deanis said, "In a tiny, ignorant little city."

"That's cool," Donut said, "Did you have a boyfriend?"

Donut earned a death glare and silence. Deanis felt a pang in her chest. She shouldn't be talking about this. She doesn't need to be talking about this. She can't talk about this. Past is past and that's it.

Donut caught sight of her scar again. He didn't think scars could be that size, or encompass the entire back and spine. The skin looked tender, the red and brown gave the impression that her entire backside was bruised. It was almost sickening to look at.

"How'd it happen?"

Deanis looked away, staring into space.

"I got hit," She said, "In the back with a Covenant plasma cannon several times. Was in rehab for months after that. They went as far as to put in artificial tissues and even replace some of my spine and nervous system. High risk and all that shit, all because I was-"

She stopped herself. Donut looked expectantly, but his stomach told him that she wouldn't talk about it anymore. He was going to say something else when a trumpet sounded.

"Morning already?" Donut said. Deanis sighed.

"Stayed up all sleep cycle," She muttered, "Gonna pay for that laterâ€|"

Deanis got up and began to leave his room.

"Umm Deanis wait a minute!"

She turned to Donut when she stopped at the doorway.

"You thinkâ€| we could do this again sometime?"

There was a pause and a silence.

"Yeah sure."

* * *

><p>Trivia.

****Cherry**** - Slang term for youth and inexperience; a virgin

****Grunt**** - Infantryman. Originally slang for a Marine fighting in Vietnam but later applied to any soldier fighting there.

****Lifer**** - Career military man. The term is often used in a derogatory manner.

****Another chapter gone, and all anyone knows is that Deanis had experience with the Covenant and she's from earth. All Donut's history could easily be found in the show, so nothing new.****

****For future reference, Deanis may have a partially artificial spine but that doesn't mean she's super man. If she didn't have that mechanics, she wouldn't be able to walk, let alone sprint. Hell, she's lucky enough that she isn't paralyzed for life. The reason for such things... Well. I guess I'll have to continue on with the series in order for anyone to find that out.**

>

****Read, Review, Whatever.****

****Chapter 8 - Cherry Grunt and a Lifer.****

9. Chapter 9 Brogan up the Ass

****Author's Note.****

****My god its Chapter 9.****

****I've already started writing Chapter 1 for book two. From what I know from Season 2, Book 2 is going to be f#\$ing weird.****

* * *

><p>Chapter 9 â€" Brogan up the Ass

After repeating the usual morning rituals, Deanis walked up the ramp to the base's roof. She found Simmons and Grif were up here. While today was supposed to be Simmons's turn for patrols, the appearance of Donut had changed that. Sarge had ordered everyone topside for whatever reason. Deanis took her place next to Grif.

"Hey," She said, tiredly. The canyon still had peace. Deanis even spotted the tank in the distance, still on its side from the bombing that happened a few days ago, along with the crater's that had been made. She still wasn't sure how much damage the base had gotten from that experience.

"Hey guys!" A perky, cheerful voice made everyone turn. Donut was here, "How do you like my new armor?"

There were unanswered moments before anyone spoke.

"Uh... hey Donut?" Grif said, unsure.

"What?"

"Um, about your armor..." Simmons said.

"What about it?"

"How do I put this... Your armor is, um... It's a little, um... Grif, uh, you wanna help me out here?" Simmons asked.

"It's pink. Your armor is fricking pink!" Grif supplied.

"Yeah, that's it. Pink," Simmons said.

"Pink?" Donut said, "my armor's not pink."

"Pink," Grif continued.

"Defiantly pink," Deanis said.

"You guys are colorblind," Donut said, putting his hands on his hips, "Why would they give me pink armor?"

"Hey, don't ask, don't tell," Grif said and started chuckling.

"That's not funny," Simmons said, disappointed.

"It's almost funny," Deanis said humorlessly. _Didn't that policy burn about five hundred years ago?_

"Look at it," Donut said, gesturing to all of him, "it's not pink. It's like uh..." he paused, "a lightish red."

"Guess what: they already have a color for lightish red. You know what it's called?" Grif said, "Pink."

"I hate you guys!" Donut said, mellowed.

"I bet you do," Deanis said.

Another red clad armored soldier ran up the ramp to the roof, followed by a taller, tan armored soldier.

"Well hello, dirtbags," Sarge greeted, and then turned to Donut, "and a fine hello to you, madam."

"It's light red."

"Don't get your panties in a wad there, Barbie," Sarge said, and then asked, "Do you have a package for me?"

"Yessir," Donut said, and then took something from his combat belt. It was long, blue and pulsing green. He showed it to Sarge.

"Excellent."

"They said this speech unit should work with Lopez," Donut said.

"Speech unit?" Grif asked.

"Here you go." Donut handed the blue device to Sarge.

"Affirmative," Sarge said, walking up to Lopez, "Command was fresh out of speech modules when I first started building Lopez," He tapped a few things on Lopez's back armor, "but once I get this baby installed, I'll finally have someone intelligent to talk to," Sarge turned to Simmons, "...No offense, Simmons."

"Oh, don't worry, I know who you meant sir."

"Wait a second, Lopez is a robot?" Grif asked. Deanis slugged his armored arm.

"Yes, he's a robot," Deanis said, "The fuck, you really are that dense."

"Haven't you noticed that he doesn't talk," Simmons asked. Grif started rubbing his arm's armor plating.

"I just thought he was a really quiet guy."

"And the fact that he sleeps standing up and drinks motor oil didn't get your attention," Sarge said.

"Well, I did think the motor oil thing was a bit odd... Uh, I just thought he was trying to impress me."

"You're a fucking idiot," Deanis said. There was a mechanical pop, and something depressurized. Sarge removed Lopez back armor. The sounds of fans, and gears, and clicks filled the air as Lopez's inner robot was revealed.

"Hey, sir," Simmons said, as Sarge laid the armor plating down, "You really should ground yourself before handling that device."

"How come?" Sarge asked, stopping to look at Simmons.

"Because static could damage it."

"Come on. That's an urban legend they use to sell those stupid bracelets," Sarge said, as he went back to what he was doing, "And I suppose pop rocks and soda's gonna make my stomach blow up!"

There was a static sound, and electricity flashed as Sarge installed the voice unit. He yelled "Yow!" as he pulled back, shaking his shocked hand rapidly. Lopez, however, appeared to be unaffected by the sudden shock.

"Sir. I won't say I told you so, sir," Simmons said.

"Good. I'd hate to make Strawberry Shortcake here my new favorite Private," Sarge said, as he slowly stopped shaking his hand.

"It's not pink, it's lightish red!" Donut said in response. Sarge made sure that Lopez's systems were still working properly as Donut walked next to Deanis. Deanis looked at Lopez, who gave a slight nod to let her know that he was okay.

"So, what happened to me anyway? I recall something about a spider on my head?" Donut asked, referring to when the Freelancer attacked the base.

"That was a grenade," Deanis explained.

"And the last thing I remember, is a loud bang, and then Simmons fainting..."

"Ha! Told you so!" Grif exclaimed. Simmons glared through his visor.

"I did not faint," He said, angrily.

There was another mechanical pop and air pressurizing. Lopez had his armor back in full.

"Done and done. Lopez. Activate speech unit!" Sarge said. Everyone looked at Lopez.

There was a click inside his helmet.

"Buenos días," Lopez greeted, in a monotone voice, "Y la gracias da por activar mi función del discurso. Soy el número de modelo cero uno cero uno tres cuatro ocho ocho dos tres."

"Am I the only one not understanding any of this?" Donut muttered to Deanis, who ignored him for Lopez. But she didn't understand him either. Neither did anyone else.

"Me llamo es Lopez," Lopez finished.

"Lopez, he just said Lopez!" Grif said, excited, "I understood that. I can speak Spanish!"

"No you can't," Deanis said, roughly.

"Lopez. Speak, English," Sarge commanded. Lopez shook his head and pointed to his visor's filter, or mouth.

"Mi procesador Inglés tiene malfunctioned. Sólo habla solamente español," He said.

"Huh," Simmons said, tapping on his visor's filter in though, "I think you shorted out his speech unit with that static, sir."

"Maybe Princess Peach here picked up the wrong model," Sarge grumbled.

"Seriously dude," Donut said, "For the last time. Not pink."

"Lopez. I order you to speak a language we understand," Sarge tried again. Lopez shook his head again.

"Negativo."

"Well this is just dandy," Sarge muttered and then said, "Lopez. How, do, we fix, your, speech, u-nit?" He defined every word with slow precaution.

"Sir, He can understand us," Deanis said, "We can't understand him, sir."

"Maybe you should try listening slower," Grif suggested.

"Lopez," Sarge said, "would you like to shoot Grif?"

"Sí- señor," Lopez said, taking his M6C from his thigh's armor, "Gracias."

"No, stop!" Grif said, raising his hands in front of him like he could push the bullets back, "Uh, alto, alto!"

"Alto means tall, dipshit," Deanis said.

"Then why do they put it on stop signs?"

"Parada means stop," Deanis said.

"No, you're talking about Pare," Simmons said.

"That for Dominican Republic colonies," Deanis said.

"I didn't know republican's had their own colonies," Donut said.

"No no, not republicans," Simmons said, "Dominican Republic. That's a country on earth."

"Alto significa tanto parar y altura," Lopez said, trying to straighten out the argument.

"Alright that's enough," Sarge said, "Now then, Pretty-in-pink here," Gesturing to Donut, "Will be doing patrols for today, the rest of you," Pointing at Grif, Simmons and Deanis, "Are doing watch. I need to get on the haul of command."

Sarge left.

"Umm, patrolling?" Donut asked. Deanis patted his shoulder, hiding the fact that she wasn't about to have a partner when it's her turn for patrolling, and the fact that she'll have a three day rest instead of two.

"Basically Donut," Deanis explained, "You walk around our territory until Sarge calls you or its lunch or dinner time, you start from there," She pointed to a small area near red base, "and you go around," She spun, pointing out her usual route, " and keep doing that. If there something that isn't red army, shoot it. Got that?"

"Yes sir!" Donut saluted, and then ran to do his duties. Deanis stretched. She was starting to like the annoying soldier. He was even promoted to PV-2. Lopez tapped her shoulder.

"Gracias por deshacerse de Ã©l, la Madre," He said, Deanis shrugged.

"I guess its back to square one," Deanis said to him, "I can't understand Spanish well enough to know what you're saying."

"Oh," Lopez said.

"He just said 'oh'," Grif said, "I think he's faking it."

"I don't think he can fake it," Deanis said, "That's kind of what happens when you're hard wired."

"Madre es correcta," Lopez said.

"How would you know?" Grif said, leaning on one leg.

"I've hadâ€¦ some experience with robots."

"Oh yeah?" Grif said, "Like what?"

"I'm not going to talk about it."

"So you don't have any kind of-"He was cut off by Lopez.

"No se atreven insultar a Madre," He said, standing in front of Deanis in defense.

"Sheesh," Grif muttered.

"He keeps saying 'Madre'," Simmons said, "What does that mean?"

"I dunno," Deanis shrugged.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

****Brogan**** - A leather shoe, similar to an ankle-high boot, issued to soldiers during the Civil War. Brogans were also popular amongst civilians during the time period.

****Wow! Lopez speaks! I hope you all realize exactly what he's calling Deanis. I find it F#\$ing hilarious. Next chapter is going to have a lot of action so stay tuned.****

****Read, Review, Whatever.****

****Chapter 9 - Brogan up the Ass**
>

10. Chapter 10 Ballad of the Babywaker

****Author's Note.****

****Yay! Chapter 10.****

****Actual action happens here, though more than a little few more things happen than just the tank. You'll have to read and find out.****

* * *

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><p>Chapter 10 " Ballad of the Babywaker

"Entonces la dÃ©cias "tu nos pesos mÃ¡s, yo peso mÃ¡s." Entonces pusieron los de nuestros cuerpos sobre la escala y fue determinado quiÃ©n tenÃ­a el peso mÃ¡s grande. DespuÃ©s de eso me llamarÃ­an Lopez la Pesado," Lopez said. Deanis didn't even know what part of that meant. But, she believed that she owed him an ear for all the times he had listened to her. It was a far trade.

"First he doesn't talk at all, and now we can't get him to shut up. What's he saying?" Grif said.

"What're you asking me for?" Simmons said.

"Well you know, because you're of uh, a Latino persuasion," Grif half said half mumbled.

"Simmons isn't a Spanish name, you dumbass," Simmons said, "I'm Dutch Irish."

"But I thought--"

"What."

"Eh, never mind."

"Cuando me vio la roja, ella era de angel de peso. Llevaba carga del mundo entero por su Alfa y obtuvo su cicatrices. fue entonces cuando me di cuenta que ella una diosa de carga y fui niño. Ella es la Madre. Hermosa Madre. Fuerte Madre," Lopez continued, gesturing to Deanis as he did. She still didn't understand what he was talking about, and couldn't understand what he felt about anything because of his monotone voice.

"How about you Deanis?" Grif said.

"I'm not Spanish," Deanis said.

"Lopez seems to think so."

"Just because I come from Texas doesn't mean anything," Deanis told him, "My last name is French and we'll leave at that."

"French for what?"

"This conversation has stopped." And the subject was dropped when Lopez threatened to shoot Grif where the sun doesn't shine.

The canyon was peaceful enough. And then became very boring very quickly. Boring enough that a game of Eye-Spy was started.

"I spy something that brown," Grif said.

"Dirt," Deanis said.

"Okay okay, you go."

"I see something orange and ugly."

"Ummâ€|"

"She's talking about you idiot," Simmons said.

"Whatever," Grif said, "I spy something that begins with R."

"Rock," said Simmons.

"Your turn." Simmons ignored him, and watched the distance. Deanis didn't particularly like the game either, she was more focused on the fact that the Blue's tank in the distance was now on its wheels again.

"Okay, I'll go again," Grif said, "I spy something, that begins with..."

"Dirt," Simmons replied before he finished.

"Damn! How did you-"

"Well, because you did rock last time," Simmons explained, "That's all that's out here, is rock and dirt."

"Yeah, this canyon sucks."

"No arguments here," Deanis agreed.

There was silence once again. How fucking dull. Deanis was glad and all that Lopez could talk, but she could understand him, so its back to doing gestures and signs all over again. Damn it. If Sarge had grounded himself this would have happened. This blows hard.

Something clicked in her helmet. Someone was trying to call her over the radio. She flipped on her radio and turned off her external speakers. The last thing she needed was for people to think that she was talking to herself.

"Hello?" there wasn't an answer.

Then something jammed into her implants. It wasn't anything physical either, or she would've doubled over then and there. This something forced its way into her head, and what felt like cold liquid poured on her brain. The feeling was gone just as it started.

Deanis felt her heart speed up. That pain in the forehead, that feeling of cold pouring on her mind, she knew that all too well. An AI had just entered her head via her radio.

"Hello private Adel Deanis," A cold and cruel voice said in her internal speakers. Deanis wanted to move, but found that she was frozen to the spot. Her legs refused to obey her.

"I can't let you do that," the voice said.

"Omega," Deanis breathed.

"I thought you knew me." This time the AI replied using Deanis's own mouth. Her voice came out crueler, colder and more seductive than it was. Deanis chuckled against her will.

Something started to burn in Deanis's mind. It was beyond mere emotion, and over powered Deanis's other senses. She felt anger, rage, hatred, torment and so many of the same verity. She had thoughts of death and destruction of everything around her, and she liked it. She'll destroy everything to get to HIM.

No. This is wrong.

With all her will power, Deanis pushed Omega to a corner of her mind, forcing the AI away. She wasn't about to be taken over by some back water fragment. It felt like the anger would burn a hole in her skull. She wasn't about to let some AI control her thoughts and feelings like that.

There was shrill screeching in her head. The AI didn't like it when its puppet fought back. The world started to grow muffled, Deanis could hardly hear the conversation Simmons and Grif were having.

Something clawed against the back of her skull. Deanis's head began to hurt, it felt like someone was pouring lava on her helmet. Another thing sounded behind her. She was sure that was Lopez, but heard HIS voice instead. That's funny, she knew HE never speaks Spanish.

****_Where?_**** Something said in her mind, a flash of a familiar young man in helmet less battle armor, glowing a shinning sapphire, came before her eyes. **_**Tell.**_**

_Fuck you.**
>_

Deanis pushed against the AI again. She'll be damned if she let the little fuck get anything from her head.

Someone turned on a radio channel. The AI left her mind that very moment, going to who ever had opened the radio channel. The cool-liquid presence left. Deanis was once again alone in her own head. External speakers clicked on again.

Deanis breathed heavily, leaning forward. It felt like she had been holding her breath the entire time.

Then something exploded against the side of the base. Deanis lost her balance and fell on the base's roof. She finally heard the world clearly, and three of the world's voices said:

"Son of a bitch!"

"Son of a bitch!"

"Â¡MADRE DE DIOS!"

The tank was firing on the base again. Deanis had to forcefully push aside her mental fatigue. There was no trying to sort out her possession now. She got up, but felt sluggish, like she was trying to move through water. Her radio came to life again, and she was half afraid that the AI would force into her head again.

"-Simmons, Deanis-, " It was Sarge, "-I'm coming around in the Warthog. Get ready to take the gunner and shotgun when I come by.-"

"Roger that," said Simmons.

"Yes sir," said Deanis. Her voice came out a bit groggy. She moved with Simmons, running to and down the ramp.

"I'll uh... I'll stay here," Grif said, standing inside the ramp.

"Yeah. Stay here, and guard this cement ramp. It's vital to our success," Simmons said sarcastically. Sarge halted the Warthog in front of the ramp, Deanis took shotgun while Simmons took the mounted

gun.

"Alright, we're on," Simmons said as Sarge started driving towards the now operational tank indirectly.

"Alright, here's the plan-" Sarge was cut off when a missile hit the nearby ground of the Warthog. The jeep flipped several times away from the new crater. Deanis fell out of the passenger side, skidding on the ground and stopping nearby the fallen vehicle. She felt limp and nauseous. Someone pulled on her arm.

"Deanis come on!" Another explosion nearby, the ground shook. Deanis forced herself up. She'll sleep when she dies. Simmons yanked on her arm and ran, she followed with him.

Sarge, Simmons and Deanis made it to the insides of one of the ramps. It was the closest safety they could reach. Grif was there for a welcome.

"Wow, back so soon? You guys win the war already?" He said. Deanis used the wall for support, she felt too sick to be snide.

"Yeah, uh, did you want to finish telling us the plan now, Sarge?" Simmons said.

"If we survive this, I'm gonna kill all of ya. Slowly," Sarge replied. Grif whispered something to Simmons that Deanis didn't catch. Another tank round shook the base.

"Hey, what're you guys doin' up here!" Donut's voice yelled from the roof. Against her desires, Deanis walked along side Grif up the ramp. Donut was at the top of red base's second ramp.

"That chick in the black armor's back!" Grif yelled

"What chick, the one that stuck the grenade to my head?" Donut asked.

"That's the one," Simmons confirmed.

"The same chick whose fault it is that I'm stuck in this light red armor?"

"For fuck's sake," Deanis mumbled, and she screamed, "***YES THE SAME FUCKING CHICK**!"

"Oh I been waiting for this," Donut said mischievously. He ran to the edge of the base and took something from his combat belt.

"**Hey Bitch! Remember me! I saved something for ya!**" He yelled into the canyon and threw his arm. A blue, pulsing grenade flew across the canyon. Everyone watched it.

"God damnâ€¦" Deanis said, "That's a good fucking throw."

The grenade landed on the tank, and on its driver.

"**Hell yeah! Three points, you dirty whore!**" Donut yelled. It echoed across the canyon. There was an explosion. The tank stopped firing.

Sarge, Grif, Simmons and Deanis left the ramp and to the ground. Someone else jumped from the edge of the base.

"Â¡Dios mÃ¡-o, no!" Church's voice sound from Lopez as he ran to the tank, "Â¡Tejas, Tejas!"

"Uh... where's Lopez going?" Grif asked.

"To fight the enemy, head on, in hand to hand combat. Mano e mano. What a brave little compadre. Lopez, I never understood a word you said. But I do know one thing. You hated Grif, and that's the most important thing there is. Adios, amigo... Adios," Sarge said, bowing his head in a honorable silence.

"Shouldn't we help him?" Simmons asked.

"Naw... That would just ruin the moment."

Deanis's stomach turned and she couldn't take it anymore. She popped the air seal to her helmet and threw it somewhere nearby. Grif turned to her.

"Deanis is there something-" He didn't finish.

He didn't finish because Deanis puke on his boots.

* * *

><p>Trivia

Baby waker - First shot of a cannonade.

Poor Deanis. Geez, having to get sick like that. At least it was on Grif.

Yeah the Omega thing, there will hopefully be more a plot to why Omega jumped into Deanis rather than Caboose the first time, it explains where he was when he jumped from Tex.

What? You think just because the season is over that the fanfiction is? This isn't a way to end a story. There's still more to come.

Read, Review, Whatever.

Chapter 10 - Ballad of the Babywaker.

11. Chapter 11 MIA

Author's note.

Another wonderful chapter. What a day.

Yeah, we still got two chapters to go. Stay tuned.

* * *

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><p>Chapter 11 " Meet It Again

It had been about two days before Deanis was able enough to be put back in action, it was another day because Donut was paranoid. Simmons assumed it had been because of the Warthog flipping due to it nearly being blown apart. Grif was still upset by the fact that she had up-chucked her breakfast on his armor and that Sarge made him clean it.

Donut's theory was because Deanis works harder next to Sarge and possibly Simmons. The fact that she had been up all that one night talking to Lopez and then him, not to mention the following wake cycle events had finally taken their toll on her.

Deanis knew that Donut's and Simmons's theories did take part, but also the mental battle she had been in with the AI that she was stupid enough to answer. The mind affects the body, and so forth.

She didn't mention the AI when Donut watched her by her cot during her sick days. She didn't mention the AI when Donut tried to find out things about her and then tell her things about himself. All questions were innocent enough. Innocent enough that they were annoying. Deanis didn't answer half the ones he asked, and the ones she did answer were very vague.

On the fourth day, she was finally allowed to resume duty. Her armor had been thoroughly cleaned by Donut, with Simmons on some occasions. Her assigned M5BM was cleaned and made fit by Simmons. Nobody touched the M6D, even if Deanis was sick. Everyone in red base knew, Donut had to find out the hard way, touching Deanis's personally weapon was a huge mistake.

Grif refuses to talk about what she had done to him when he had decided to take it out for a test shooting when she first arrived at Blood Gulche.

After a shower, putting on her armor, and a another quick MRE breakfast, she went on upon her patrols. It was her day, and she needed to make up her sick time.

It would've been normal if Simmons and Grif hadn't walked down from the base, Grif holding the sniper rifle.

"What're you idiots doing?" Deanis yelled. The double stopped.

"Sarge says we need to spy on the blues!" Simmons yelled back. Deanis sighed.

"Fine!" Deanis yelled back and returned to her rounds. It was a while

before anything else showed up. Every now and then, Donut on base top would wave to her and sometimes Deanis would wave back or try to mentally figure out what the best excuse would be if she decided to shoot him.

Sarge was working on the Warthog alone. Lopez didn't return from his apparent runaway, Deanis knew this because the robot would've attempted to kick Donut's ass while Deanis was on sick time.

One of the axles for the front wheels of the jeep was busted, next to the window pan, not to mention the fact that the mounted gun was nearly off its hinges. That vehicle had gone through hell and back during its time in the canyon. Deanis was amazed enough by the fact that Sarge could get it running in perfect condition after its experiences against the Blue's tank.

It was awhile before more shit happened.

Simmons came running to Sarge as he worked on the 'hog. Deanis was close on this round, she stuck around to hear what was being said.

"Sarge! Grif was spying on the blues and they captured him!" Grif captured. What a surprise.

"What'd he find out? Are they planning something?" Sarge turned around and stood, wiping his gloved hands with a dirty red towel.

"No, they were standing around talking, like always. But now they're gonna kill him!"

"Well, it was worth it."

Grif being killed. Maybe it really was worth it. Deanis kinda shrugged it off. Donut was making a hassle though, she didn't hear most of what he said.

Instead of completely her round in Red territory, she made her way off to the closest cliff. This reachable cliff was how red team spied on the blues and it had been a reliable spot so far. Until now that is. How did Grif get captured? Any way, the sniper should be around here somewhereâ€¦

On this small little cliff, there was nothing but the canyon's dirt. Avoiding the edge, there were signs of struggle and of something huge hitting the ground. Grif. Still no sign of the sniper. Damn. Fucking hard to replace it.

She went farther on the cliff, to where the rocks were. She hadn't been in this part of the cliffs before, never really summoned up the curiosity to do so. But now she actually looked at them. There was in fact a cave entrance.

Rough around its entrance, rocks littering its sides, and light less inside, she hadn't noticed the cave from ground level. She hadn't ever gone into the caves before, only heard the things Simmons and Grif and occasionally the blues talk about. Summoning up some kind of apathy, Deanis walked it.

She had to turn on her helmet's light inside, no eternal sun reached this place. She found that the single cave did in fact branch off into many different caves, each as dark as one another. There were twists and turns, ups and downs. Some caves were blocked by fallen rocks, others only partially. All the time, Deanis was careful. She made sure that she closed the space between the cave walls and her back, always had her assault rifle unslung and ready to fire, and always looked around like something lurked in the shadows.

There was a curse and then quick footsteps. It echoed in the cave. Deanis caught it, and ran in its direction, following the source of the echoing footsteps. She ran through more twists and turns that she had lost count and possibly her way back.

"Fuck!" She heard down the tunnel. Whoever she was chasing wasn't particularly happy being chased.

"Wait! Hold it!" Deanis yelled, her voice echoing back to her as she ran. After a few more turns, light appeared. She ran to it.

She was in the canyon again, on the ground level. Who ever she had been following had apparently led her back to the canyon. She wasn't about to go back inside to see who she had been chasing either. Something start clicking in her helmet, someone was trying to contact her on the radio.

She didn't like it. Deanis already made the mistake of getting an evil ass AI in her head the last time she took an anonymous caller. This time, she was more than a bit squeamish of answering another one. But that clicking would get really annoying real quick.

Deanis opened her radio after a few mental preparations and numbing down her anxiety.

"-Deanis where are you?-" A familiar voice sound above the static over the radio. It was Donut.

"Donut? How'd you get my number?" Deanis asked.

"-Never mind that-, " He said, "-I've been trying to get you for the past hour, where have you been?-"

"In the caves," Deanis replied, using her shoulder in order to hold her rifle more comfortably.

"-Really?-" Donut asked, curious.

"Yeah, I just got out," Deanis said, "But seriously though, what's so goddamned important that you've gotta call me?"

"-Simmons thought you got captured by the blues too-" Donut explained, "-Where are you? I can't see you anywhere from here-"

"I'mâ€|" Deanis took a look around. This part of the canyon was shaded, and there was a base.

â€|

Oh Shit.

"I'm at Blue base."

* * *

><p>Trivia.

MIA - Missing in Action. Though I'm just playing on that.

Yeah, this refers to one of the Relocated episodes when Sarge says "Well, it was worth it". There is another reference to season 3, who do you think Deanis was chasing in the caves? I also made it a point to say that all the caves interconnect and form a tunnel system, so there can be many places to get to from them. That underground chasm... the outside... All that jazz.

Read, Review, Whatever.

Chapter 11 - MIA.

12. Chapter 12 WIA

Author's Note.

I am hungry for more REVIEWS! and fans. Definantly more fans... or observers... or something... hmm...

Back to reality, after watching Michael Becket's death over and over again, I've decided that I need to post the next-to-last chapter before I completely space out from Fan-Girl obsession. Yes, that is a disease. You get it from a computer virus. FEAR rules.

Now, this is basically another short one, and we still have one more to go before the end of Book 1 and the intro into Book 2. Onwards!

* * *

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><p>Chapter 12 " Wild In Attendance

Deanis hadn't expect to end up here. She hadn't really expected anything, but still.

"-Blue base?-" Donut yelled over the radio, causing its tremble to spark up deafeningly high, "-What are you doing there?-"

"Ow" Deanis mumbled, and then said, "I ended up here dipshit."

"-Aw man, what if Sarge finds out?-"

"If he asks, tell him I'm retrieving the sniper rifle," Deanis said.

"-What about Grif?-"

"Maybe." Deanis saw something come out of Blue base and hit the ground in an attempt to hid. This was becoming one of those times she hated being the color red, "Donut I gotta go."

"-Deanis wâ€" She didn't let Donut finish as she clicked off the radio. The figure that had come out of Blue base was some cross between aqua and teal. She wasn't sure which. She carefully stayed still and watched him, go behind a rock that said "TUCKER'S ROCK", painted. She didn't really want to know what 'Tucker' did while he was with the rock and a feeling told her that she didn't need to know.

A quick check if the coast was clear, and Deanis got up and bolted to the base. During the run, she slung her rifle across her back and took her M6D from her thigh plating. She didn't need a multi-ranged rifle for this. She backed into the wall and slide down. It vaguely reminded her of a sneaking mission.

With a quick look, she went into Blue base.

This was the first time she had actually been in the enemy's base. Her heart hammered as her mouth curved into a smile. She was excited. Being in a place where if they saw you they shoot on sight or rang an alarm, knowing that your own armor can give you away, it was exciting.

With more purpose, Deanis quickly went down the hall, ready for any encounters. So far, blue base and red seemed to be designed the same. Except with this place being lit by blue floor-lights instead of red base's red lights.

She briefly remembered that her team had kept the Freelancer in the staff meeting room. If blue base has the same layout, then their meeting room should beâ€ here.

Deanis ducked and leaned against the wall to look in the large room. Sure enough, there was Grif. His hands were bound by black wires. The sniper rifle was slung on his back. _Gotcha._

There wasn't anyone in here at the moment. That doesn't mean it isn't a trap. Deanis carefully slipped inside. Grif's helmet looked at her.

"Deanis?" He said, "that's funny, I didn't think you'd come to get me."

"I didn't," Deanis said, "I'm here for the sniper rifle."

"What? Oh come on," Grif said, "You can't just leave me here."

"Yes I can."

Deanis walked closer when she heard footsteps come around the corner. Fuck. There wasn't anywhere to dive to, confrontation time. She spun and aimed at the incomer. It was a soldier in standard blue armor, no emblem. A PV-1.

"Oh Hi!" He said, waving his hand like a little kid at Deanis, "Are you one of the orange guy's friends? It is so nice to meet you!"

Waitâ€| Huh? What?

Deanis kept her gun raised and pointed at the soldier's helmet.

"Yeah, sure," Deanis said, "I'm a friend. I am here to pick him up."

"Okay," The blue soldier, "â€| Wait, Church said that I should watch him. I don't think he'd like it if I lost himâ€|"

"I'm sure he'll understand," Maybe this is the same guy Donut was talking about when he got the flag, "Besides, Sarge wants him back at the base. Its time for Grif to go home now."

"Can he come back again?"

"Sure," Deanis said, shrugging, "Why not."

Deanis and Grif took no time in running at top speed outside of the base and from it. That blue was unbelievably childish and easy to manipulate. That might come in handy laterâ€|

Grif slowed considerably before they even gotten close to Red Base. Only partly from Blue Base and Deanis had to threaten to pump Grif full of lead if he didn't run. It wasn't long before they were being shot at. They were sniper shots, each one missing the target. But that wasn't about to stop Deanis, it would be a matter of time before their shooter had the right target.

"Hurry up! I ain't dragging your sorry ass! Move!" Deanis yelled. She fired blindly behind her with her personal weapon. She highly doubted she'd hit anything.

They were only half way back to base when Deanis was shot.

She wasn't actually shot shot, but the sniper bullet did hit her, even if it did ricochet from the ground just to do the same off her armor. The bullet luckily didn't bury into her armor, but it left a dent. In a ratherâ€| embarrassing place.

The bullet had ricochet of her back pelvis armor plating. Her ass in other words.

That does it! **THAT FUCKING DOES IT!**

Deanis ripped the sniper rifle off Grif's back, spun around, aimed and fired. The guy she had fired at was the one with the enemy sniper rifle, a cobalt armored soldier. She didn't have time to ponder nor was she currently in the right mind to do so. She caught the firing soldier in the shoulder, and watched as the firer twisted and went

down.

There was no argument as Grif and Deanis rushed back to base. Deanis, limping slightly.

"Grif, Deanis!" Simmons yelled when the soldiers finally came into view. Anyone could easily see that Deanis was fuming and not to be bothered by anything trivial for the moment.

"Deanis," Sarge said, when the two soldiers, "I see you've retrieved the sniper," and then begrudgingly said, "And Grif."

"Yes Sir," Deanis said moodily. She was leaning on the leg opposing her limping one. She held the sniper in one hand with her pistol in the other.

"Hey, are you all right?" Donut asked from the base top. Grif started chuckling.

"I wouldn't say anything," He said, "Deanis just got a sniper load off her ass."

Deanis turned, palmed up under the orange helmet, and hit Grif square in the jaw.

* * *

><p>Trivia.

**WIA - **Wounded in Action.

I figured it'd be funny enough if Deanis had something embarrassing happen. It makes her seem more human and flawed. I want her to have a bumpy ride in the books, not a smooth one.

Read, Review, Whatever.

Chapter 12 - WIA

13. Chapter 13 Bounded

Author's note.

This is it. The shortest but the last chapter of my first complete fanfiction. I'm already on some of the chapters for the sequel but don't be suprised if I don't post it right away.

**Enjoy, ducklings.
>

* * *

><p>Disclaimer:

Halo is a product of Bungie and Microsoft. Red vs Blue is owned by Rooster Teeth. This is a nonprofit fan-story. All original characters are owned by the author.

Flamers can take their asses elsewhere, cockbites.

* * *

<p>Chapter 13 " Bounded

She didn't remember what was going on, but only how it had happened. There were shapes and colors in the backgrounds but the sky was a defined muddled red, mixing with white clouds like swirling paint colors.

The ground was heavily defined. Burns, craters, purple and red blood. She remembered very well about that purple blood, if it piles on itself enough it looks blue instead.

The scene was a mix of many different memories at the front of her mind but currently unthought about. The mixture of Blood Gulch and a highway, and a battle ground she had long tried to suppressed.

Creatures walked all about the area, moving in and out of sight or not moving at all. They were sluggish and undefined, she couldn't make out their details, only the fear she felt when she saw them. An unquenchable feeling that made herself give choking sounds though she could breathe easily enough. She felt the pain in her throat, the forcing rise of crying.

The creature left a lingering threat, and the feeling of a threat loomed distantly. She reached for her slung gun on her back, and found nothing. No weapon on the thigh, she wasn't even wearing her armor. She was naked to these creatures.

In appearance of nowhere, came a young man she recognized. He wore the same clothes he did on that same day when her life had changed. The bright blue button shirt being used as a jacket, revealing his white undershirt, the camo-pant lacking the likeness to cargos. He even looked the same, long blond hair in a poiny tail behind his head, a growing stubble, and he was wearing glasses.

He looked at her, with those same brown eyes. He said something she couldn't understand. She tried to speak, but no words came from her mouth.

The young man abruptly changed into someone different. This new person was in their early twenties, not in their mid-teens. This new man wore the UNSC battle armor of ODST or Helljumpers but no helmet.

His skin was charred and flaky, but she knew exactly who he was. Black hair that looked like the wind had blown it to one side, a long but defined face, that slight under bite. There were no eyes where they there should be, only black sockets. But she knew that he was looking at her.

Something hit her in the back. It burned and burned, and pushed with such a force that she fell forward. She didn't see the groundâ€|

Deanis woke startled.

She was sweaty, the sheets of her cot were pushed over the edge of

the spread. She sat up, and caught her breath, holding a hand to where her hammering heart was.

That was the first dream she had for the past two years. Like any dream, she didn't remember how it began only how it had ended. She hoped that she didn't cry out in her sleep. She wouldn't hear the end of it.

She sat on the edge of her cot, looked down at the cold concrete floor. She was lucky enough not to fall out of her cot. She'd rather not spend another day on sick-leave because she broke her nose.

No assurance that she'd fall back asleep again, Deanis slipped her hand underneath her pillow and pulled something out. Her M6D. The gun was cold in her hands.

She always felt better when she held the gun. She didn't have any thoughts of suicide or any emo bullshit like that, but the weapon was a nice feel and it had never let her down before. She carefully examined the gun. She was looking for something on its hilt.

Engraved by loose writing there were a mark of letters, they were there when Deanis was first given the pistol.

****A x L****

****H x A****

*** * ***

><p>Trivia. THERE IS NONE!

****I love the nightmare, perfect cover up in Deanis's history. Trust me when I say that everything in that dream is significant to Deanis's history and I MEAN EVERYTHING!****

****Good luck waiting for the next book.****

****Hey, guess what. I didn't tell you guys what book one was called did I?****

****Read, Review, Wait.****

****Chapter 13 - Bounded****

****Red vs Blue: WarBound Book 1: Boot****

****VirTaAshi, signing out. For now...>**

End
file.